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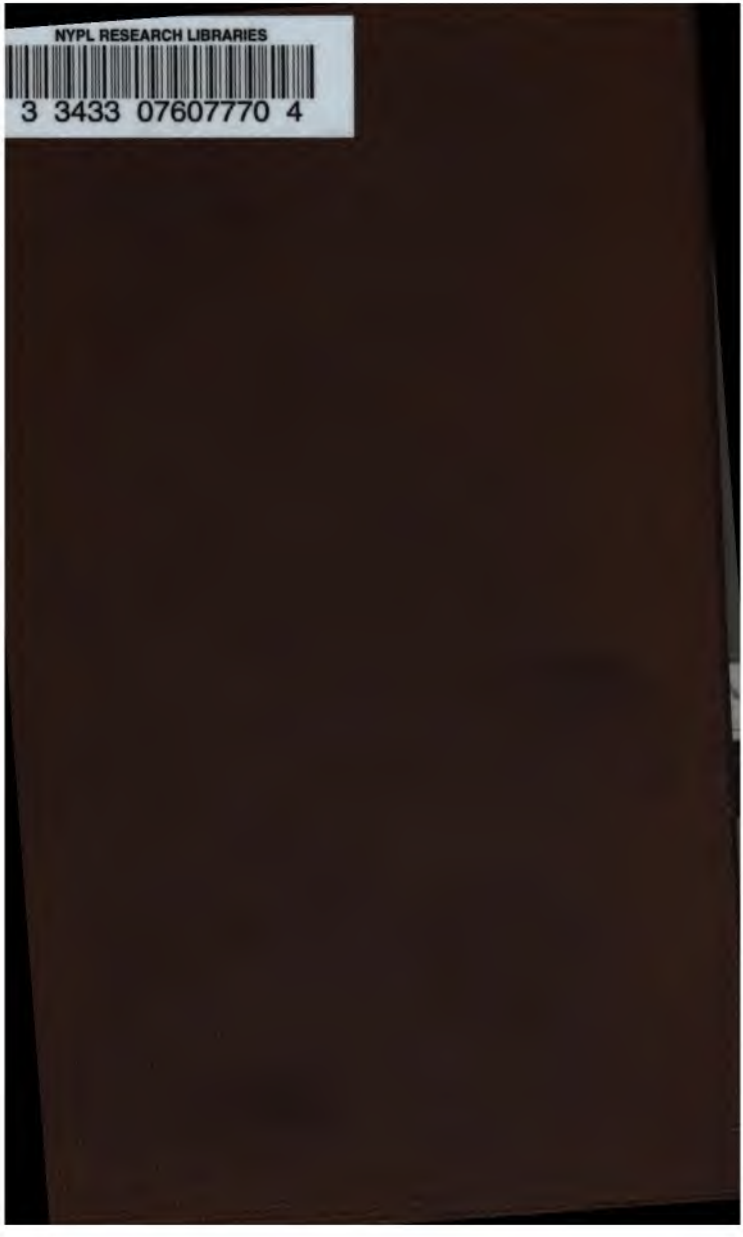
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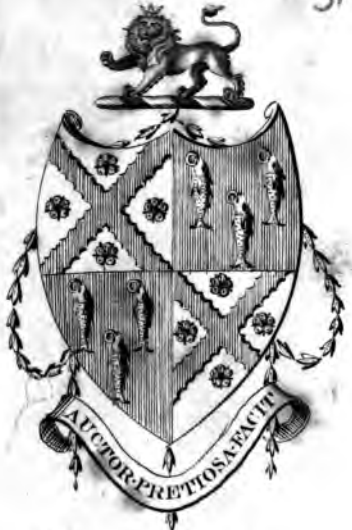

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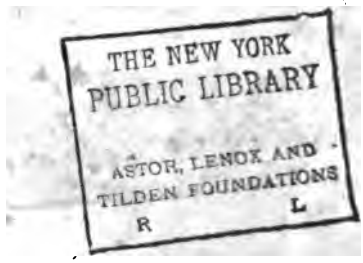
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ADVENTURER Vol. II. 41
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THE

ADVENTURER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

.....Tetanda via est; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
VIRG.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD ST. AND JOHN CONRAD, & CO. NO. 30, CHESNUT ST.
THOMAS L. PLOWMAN, PRINTER.

1803.

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THE ADVENTURER.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

.....Aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ,
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! HOR.

How often shall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas, complain.
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!
While by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind. FRANCIS.

THE ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall to-day consider as married; and as I am very far from thinking that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of

which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good nature may be disappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loses its ardour, exists only in poetry and romance. The real passion which wit and folly have thus concurred to disguise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

It is also equally true, that a refined and abstracted friendship between persons of different sexes, a union of souls, to which the corporal passion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of those enthusiasts who have addressed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of desires which they could not subdue; or in the professions of insidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intend only to abuse. But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species of affection, upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness of marriage depends, and which can scarce be preserved without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious: esteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress: and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because *it was not dignified* and supported by esteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleasures of others, and may therefore be considered as a constant and forcible motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth, any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations, will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself, in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. "My dear Charlotte," says he, "I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for "my cousin George is just arrived from the East-"Indies: I have invited him to sup; and as he has "never seen you, I promised him your company." "Nay, dear Sir Harry," replied the lady, "do not "ask me to stay at home to night; you know I am "fond of dancing, and now my fancy is set upon go-"ing, I am sure you will not disappoint me." Sir Harry, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But as she had not less good-nature than Sir Harry, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain

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nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a BETTER.

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

Calumniari si quis autem voluerit,
Quod arbores loquantur, non tantum ferae;
Fictis jocari nos memmerit fabulis. PHÆD.

Let those whom folly prompts to sneer,
Be told we sport with fable here;
Be told, that brutes can morals teach,
And trees like soundest casuists preach.

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happiness is the characteristic of virtue, yet this happiness is seldom considered as extending beyond our own species; and no man is thought to become vicious, by sacrificing the life of an animal to the pleasure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happiness is destroyed than produced; except it be supposed, that happiness should be estimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a supposition, which perhaps cannot easily be supported. Reason, from which alone man derives his superiority, should, in the present question, be considered only as Sensibility: a blow produces more pain to a man than to a brute; because, to a man it is aggravated by a sense of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a short time ceases for ever. But it *may* be justly asserted that the same degree of pain

in both subjects, is in the same degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary positions, that man should abstain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is sacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of those animals which die to furnish his table, would never have lived; instead of encreasing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to destroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for sport. To take pleasure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itself, yet wears out the sympathizing sensibility of a tender mind, must render human nature proportionably less fit for society. In my pursuit of this train of thought, I considered the inequality with which happiness appears to be distributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree exposed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it possible that they might participate in a future retribution; especially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to sensibility than to thought: and he who will not venture to deny that brutes have sensibility, should not hastily pronounce, that they have only a material existence. While my mind was thus busied, the evening stole imperceptibly away; and at length morning succeeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell asleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was still busy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which she told me was the elysium of birds and beasts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reason and speech: this

prodigy, however, did not raise astonishment, but curiosity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of discourse in such an assembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpose I approached a horse and an ass, who seemed to be engaged in serious conversation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now considered them as in a state superior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally rise at the sight of a tyrant who is divested of his power. My caution was, however, unnecessary, for they seemed wholly to disregard me, and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had perished," said the ass, "when I was "dismissed from the earth, I think I should have "been a loser by my existence: for, during my whole "life, there was scarce an interval of an hour, in which "I did not suffer the accumulated misery of blows, "hunger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was sto- "len by a gipsy, who placed two children upon my "back in a pair of panniers. before I had perfectly "acquired the habit of supporting my own weight with "steadiness and dexterity. By hard usage and ill treat- "ment, I quickly became blind and unfit for the family "to which I belonged. I was sent into their winter quarters "in Norwood, I was staked as a bet against a couple "of geese, which had been found by a fellow who "came by, driving before him two of my brethren, "whom he had overloaded with bags of sand: a half- "penny was thrown up: and, to the inexpressible en- "crease of my calamity, the dealer in sand was the "winner.

"When I came to town, I was harnessed with my "two wretched associates to a cart, in which my new "master had piled up his commodity till it would "hold no more. The load was so disproportionate to "*our strength*, that it was with the utmost difficulty "*and labour* dragged very slowly over the rugged

" pavement of the streets, in which every stone was
' an almost insuperable obstacle to our progress. One
" morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow-hill
" with repeated efforts of strength, that was stimulat-
" ed even to agony, by the incessant strokes of a whip,
" which had already laid our loins bare even to the
" bone; it happened, that being placed in the shafts,
" and the weight pressing hard upon me, I fell down.
" Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with pity,
" but rage: and the moment he turned about, he threw
" a stick with such violence at my head, that it forced
" out my eye, and passing through the socket into
" the brain, I was instantly dismissed from that mi-
" sery, the comparison of which with my present
" state constitutes great part of its felicity. But you,
" surely, if I may judge by your stature, and the ele-
" gance of your make, was among the favourites of
" mankind; you was placed in a higher and happier
" station; you was not the slave of indigence, but the
" pride of greatness; your labour was sport, and your
" reward was triumph, ease, plenty and attendance."

" It is true," replied the steed, " I was a favourite;
" but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, ava-
" rice and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch who
" had gained a considerable fortune by play, particu-
" larly by racing. I had won him many large sums;
" but being at length excepted out every match, as
" having no equal, he regarded even my excellence
" with malignity, when it was no longer subservient
" to his interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty;
" and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though
" my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in
" which there was a perpetual succession of new beau-
" ties. At last, however, another competitor appear-
" ed: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I
" rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and
" the first heat I put my master in possession of the
" stakes, which amounted to ten thousand pounds.

" The proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, " notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great " zeal. that she should run the next day against any " gelding in the world for double the sum: my mas- " ter immediately accepted the challenge, and told " him, that he would the next day produce a gelding " that should beat her: but what was my astonish- " ment when I discovered that he most cruelly and " fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match " upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very " moment in which every nerve should be strained in " his service!

" As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered " myself to be bo[illegible]: the operation was performed, " and I was instantly mounted and spurred on to the " goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still " superior to the desire of revenge: I determined to " die as I had lived, without an equal; and having " again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an " agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, a[illegible]blushed that I was a man. But my reflections were [illegible] by the notes of a black-bird, who was singing the story of his own fate, with a melody that irresistibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I listened with curiosity, and, interrupting his song, " Stranger," says he, " though I am, as thou seest, in the fields of " elysium, yet my happiness is not complete; my " mate is still exposed to the miseries of mortality, " and I am still vulnerable in her. O! stranger, to " bribe thy friendship, if peradventure it may reach " my love, I will gratify the curiosity with which thy " looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked " enmity of man, in that season when the dictates of " *nature are love.* But let not my censure be univer-

" sal; for as the elegy which I sing, was written " by a human being, every human being is not des- " titute of compassion, nor deaf to the language in " which our joys and fears are expressed." He then, after a sweet, though short prelude, made the grove again echo with his song.

The sun had chac'd the winter's snow,
And kindly loos'd the frost-bound soil;
The melting streams began to flow,
Aud plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

" O! fairest of the feather'd train,
" For whom I sing, for whom I burn;
" Attend with pity to my strain,
" And grant my love a kind return.

" See, see, the winter's storms are flown,
" And zephyrs gently fan the air!
" Let us the genial influence own,
" Let us the vernal pastime share.

" The raven plumes his jetty wing,
" To please his croaking paramour;
" The larks responsive love-tales sing,
" And tell their passions as they soar.

" But trust me, love, the raven's wing
" Is not to be compar'd with mine;
" Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
" As I, who strength with sweetness join.

" With thee I'll prove the sweets of love,
" With thee divide the cares of life;
" No fonder husband in the grove,
" *Nor none* than thee a happier wife.

" I'll lead thee to the clearest rill,
" Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
" There will we sit and sip our fill,
" Or on the flow'ry border play.

" I'll guide thee to the thickest brake,
" Impervious to the school-boy's eye:
" For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
" And on thy downy pinions lie.

" To get thee food I'll range the fields,
" And cull the best of ev'ry kind;
" Whatever nature's bounty yields,
" Or love's assiduous care can find.

" And when my lovely mate would stray,
" To taste the summer sweets at large,
" At home I'll wait the live-long day,
" And tend at home our infant charge.

" When prompted by a mother's care
" Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,
" With thee the task I'll fondly share,
" Or cheer thy labours with my song."

He ceas'd his song. The [illegible]
With tender pity heard his [illegible]:
She felt, she own'd a mutual [illegible]
And hasten'd to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And nestled closely to her side,
The happiest bridegroom in that hour,
And she the most enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song....
" Arise! behold the new-born day!
" The lark his mattin peal has rung;
" Arise, my love, and come away!"

Together through the fields they stray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honest joy and decent pride.

But O! my muse with pain relates
The mournful sequel of my tale:
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, "My dear,
"Haste, haste away; from danger fly!
"Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
"O! spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he chose some other game,
Or shot as he had us'd to do!*

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
"While I with tears your fate rehearse:
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
"And save the lover in my verse.

The emotions which this song produced in my bosom, awaked me: and I immediately recollected, that, while I slept, my imagination had repeated "an elegy occasioned by shooting a blackbird on "Valentine's-day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taste, literature, and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which most strongly inculcates compassion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the man stupendous proof of his compassion for ours.

* Never having killed any thing before or since.

No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Ευ γαρ δη ὁ αποφηναμενος, τι θεοις ομοιον εχοιμεν,
" ευεργεσιαν, ειπε καὶ αληθειαν."
PYTHAG. ap. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being asked in what man could resemble the Divinity, justly answered, " in beneficence and truth.

In the Persian Chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written.

Of the Letter of Cosrou the Iman.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign: and being asked what was his request, he made this reply? " May the Lord " of the world forgive the slave whom he has honour- " ed, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of

" Abbas at his feet. Thou hast given me the domi-
" nion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Da-
" mascus; and a city, glorious above all others, ex-
" cept that only which reflects the splendour of thy
" presence. But the longest life is a period scarce
" sufficient to prepare for death: all other business
" is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path
" of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for
" ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evan-
" escent, as the colours of the bow that appear in the
" interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to pre-
" pare for the approach of eternity; let me give up
" my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence ac-
" quaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me
" forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till
" the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity
" shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Al-
" mighty." Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the foot-stool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

" Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am
" alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he
" is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged for-
" ward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not,
" whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am
" as thou art, a reptile of the earth: my life is a mo-
" ment, and eternity, in which days and years and
" ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which
" I also should prepare: but by whom then must
" the faithful be governed? by those only who have
" no fear of judgment? by those only whose life is
" brutal, because, like brutes, they do not consider

" that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faith-
" ful? are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in
" a state of perdition? and is the cell of the dervise
" alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a der-
" vise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a
" duty. Depart to the house which has in this city
" been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the
" reason of thy request; and may he who illuminates
" the mind of the humble, enable me to determine
" with wisdom."

Mirza departed, and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. " My Lord," said he, " I have learned by this letter, which I received " from Cosrou the Iman, who now stands before thee, " in what manner life may be best improved. I am " enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with " hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow " of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours " which I so lately wished to resign." The king, who had listened to Mirza with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cozrou, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

" To Mirza, who the wisdom of Abbas our mighty
" Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting
" health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw
" the blessing of thy government from the thousands
" of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of
" affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow.
" But who shall speak before the king when he is
" *troubled*; and who shall boast of knowledge, when

" he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the
" events of my youth, which thou hast renewed be-
" fore me; and those truths which they taught me
" may the prophet multiply to thee.

" Under the instruction of the physician Aluzar, I
" obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those
" who were smitten with disease I could administer
" plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spi-
" rit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and
" mortality which were perpetually rising before me,
" made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave
" open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to con-
" template only the regions beyond it, and to despise
" every acquisition which I could not keep. I con-
" ceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but in
" voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who
" desired money were not proper objects of bounty,
" and that by all who were proper objects of bounty,
" money was despised. I therefore buried mine in the
" earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a
" wild and sequestered part of the country; my dwel-
" ling was a cave by the side of a hill, I drank the
" running water from the spring, and eat such fruits
" and herbs as I could find. To encrease the austerity
" of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at
" the entrance of the cave, with my face to the east,
" resigning myself to the secret influences of the pro-
" phet, and expect illuminations from above. One
" morning, after my nocturnal vigil, just as I per-
" ceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun,
" the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk
" under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the en-
" trance of my cell; that the dawn encreased; and
" that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day,
" a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived
" that it was in motion; it encreased in size as it
" drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an
" eagle. I still kept my eye fixed stedfastly upon it,

" and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now " descried a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared to be " broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of a kid, " which she had brought in her talons, and then dis- " appeared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead up- " on the ground, and blessed the prophet for the in- " struction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and " said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast done well to " renounce the tumult, the business, and the vanities " of life; but thou hast as yet only done it in part: " thou art still every day busied in the search of food; " thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust " in Providence complete. What art thou taught by " this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commis- " sioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall " not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food; " when that which prevents thee from procuring it " for thyself is not necessity, but devotion? I was " now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I ne- " glected to walk out for my repast, which, after the " first day, I expected with an impatience that left me " little power of attending to any other object: this " impatience, however, I laboured to suppress, and " persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length " began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; " I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness " would soon encrease to insensibility. But I was soon " rouzed by the voice of an invisible being, who pro- " nounced these words:" Cosrou, I am the angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed, thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness be thou *again the messenger* of ease and health. Virtue is

not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

"At these words I was not less astonished than if "a mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city: I "dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became "rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave "me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of "the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew "eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure "of the king that I should stand before him. Now, "therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge "that I have not received; as the sands of the desert "drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the prophet. Believe then, that it is he "who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane, which "terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When "the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, "thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment: here thou "canst little more than pile error upon error; there "thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, "for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and therefore much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou "mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from "no higher motive than immediate interest: thou "canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce "the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity; and "the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy "virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with "reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewell.

" May the smile of him who resides in the Heaven " of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name, " in the volume of his will, may happiness be writ- " ten!"

The king, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the princess to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, " that " no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful " to mankind."

No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 28.

Οδυσεος φιλλοισι καλυψατο, τω δ' αρ Αθηνη
Υπνον επ' εμμασι χευ, ινα μιν παυσειε ταχιστα
Αυσπονεος καματοιο. HOM.

Pallas pour'd sweet slumbers on his soul;
And balmy dreams, the gift of soft repose,
Calm'd all his pains, and banish'd all his woes. POPE.

IF every day did not produce fresh instances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loss, why so liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep, should meet with so few historians or panegyrists. Writers are so totally absorbed by the business of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whose officious hand so seasonably suspends the burthen of life; and without whose interposition man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour, however rewarded, or to struggle with opposition, however successful.

Night, though she divides to many the longest part of life, and to almost all the most innocent and happy,

is yet unthankfully neglected, except by those who pervert her gifts.

The astronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themselves upon her arrival; Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praises; and to chide the sun for hiding from his view the worlds, which he imagines to appear in every constellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praises: Milton has observed of the night, that it is "the "pleasant time, the cool, the silent."

These men, may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; since they are indebted to her not only for cessation of pain, but encrease of pleasure; not only for slumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the sons of luxury; who appropriate to festivity the hours designed for rest; who consider the reign of pleasure as commencing, when day begins to withdraw her busy multitudes, and ceases to dissipate attention by intrusive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy, when the rest of the world sinks into insensibility; and revel in the soft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which, "more shadowy set off the "face of things."

Without touching upon the fatal consequences of a custom, which, as Ramazzini observes, will be forever condemned, and forever retained; it may be observed, that however Sleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of so importunate a nature, as not to remain long unsatisfied: and if, as some have done, we consider it as the tax of life, we cannot but observe it as a tax that must be paid, unless we could cease to be men; for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without sleep.

To live without sleep in our present fluctuating state, however desirable it might seem to the lady in *Clelia, can surely* be the wish only of the young or

the ignorant; to every one else, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a state of wretchedness, second only to that of the miserable beings, whom Swift has in his travels so elegantly described, as "supremely cursed "with immortality."

Sleep is necessary to the happy, to prevent satiety, and to endear life by a short absence; and to the miserable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is, to most, such as could not be endured without frequent intermissions of existence: Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddess of wisdom, to lay Ulysses asleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whose early advances in literature scarce any human mind has equalled, that he spent twelve hours of the four and twenty in sleep; yet this appears, from the bad state of his health, and the shortness of his life, to have been too small a respite for a mind so vigorously and intensely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exercise his mind less, and his body more; since by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have astonished with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have shone with the permanent radiance of a fixed star.

Nor should it be objected, that there have been many men who daily spent fifteen or sixteen hours in study: for by some of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a short time only; and of the rest it appears, that they employed their minds in such operations as required neither celerity nor strength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digesting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of study and imagination are frequently upbraided by the industrious and plodding sons of care, with passing too great a part of their life in a state of inaction. But these defiers of sleep seem not to remember, that though it must be granted them that

they are crawling about before the break of day, it can seldom be said that they are perfectly awake; they exhaust no spirits, and require no repairs, but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at least are known to live only by an inert and sluggish loco-motive faculty, and may be said, like a wounded snake, to "drag their "slow length along."

Man has been long known among philosophers by the appellation of the microcosm, or epitome of the world: the resemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational observer, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful speculatist. I know not in which of these two classes I shall be ranged for observing, that as the total quantity of light and darkness allotted in the course of the year to every region of the earth, is the same, though distributed at various times and in different portions; so, perhaps, to each individual of the human species, nature has ordained the same quantity of wakefulness and sleep; though divided by some into a total quiescence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of existence, in a state between dreaming and reasoning, in which they either think without action or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to sleep: as men who think with vigour, they require respite from thought; and gladly resign themselves to that gentle power, who not only bestows rest, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences always candid, where they are feasted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers divested of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide surveys of the wilds of life, who see the innumerable terrors and distresses that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and discern with unhappy perspicuity calamities yet latent in their

causes, are glad to close their eyes upon the gloomy prospect, and lose, in a short insensibility, the remembrance of others, miseries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he shall retire to milder happiness, and close his days in social festivity. The wit or the sage can expect no greater happiness, than that, after having harassed his reason in deep researches, and fatigued his fancy in boundless excursions, he shall sink at night in the tranquillity of sleep.

The poets, among all those that enjoy the blessings of sleep, have been least ashamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius considered the evils of life as assuaged and softened by the balm of slumber, we may discover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling solitude, did not forget to number the privilege of sleeping without disturbance, we may learn from the rank that he assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy, "which is scattered," says he, "over the fields of "corn, that all the needs of man may be easily satis-"fied, and that bread and sleep may be found toge-"ther."

Si quis invisum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa me in partem recipit libenter
Fertilis agri.

Meque frumentumque simul per omnes
Consulens mundo Dea spargit oras;
Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna sustentacula vitæ.

Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satur panis, satur et soporis,
Cætera sperne.

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well cloth'd field,
  Tho' mixed with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
And to adorn the teeming earth,
  She bade the Poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
But blest with power mankind to ease,
  The Goddess saw me rise:
"Thrive with the life-supporting grain,"
She cry'd, "the solace of the swain,
  "The cordial of his eyes.

"Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;
"My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
  "And makes thee truly blest:
"With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
"In slumbers pass the night away,
  "And leave to fate the rest." C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; "so like it," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that "I dare not trust it without my prayers:" their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue."

No. XL. SATURDAY, MARCH 24.

Solvite tantis animum monstris,
Solvite, Superi; reciam in melius
Vertite mentum. SEN.

O! save, ye gods omnipotent and kind,
From such abhorr'd chimeras save the mind!
In truth's strait path no hideous monsters roar;
To truth's strait path the wand'ring mind restore.

I WENT a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an unjudicious application to study, that he has been some time confined in a mad-house. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible: but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed to no enquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till his object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long busied and perplexed his understanding: he could not discover, why a being to whom all things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which *virtue is compelled* to renounce.

He considered these phenomena as blemishes in the moral system, and could not suppress romantic wishes to see them removed. These wishes he now believes to be in some degree accomplished; for he conceives himself transported to another planet, peopled with beings like himself, and governed by such laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wisdom for the government of the earth; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a superior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excursion; and he says the name of this being is Azail. But notwithstanding these extravagances, he will sometimes reason with great subtilty; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought against him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or busied to accomplish some trifling or ridiculous purpose.

When I entered his room, he was sitting in a contemplative posture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he just glanced them upon me, but as I perceived that his imagination was busy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intrusion of foreign ideas; I therefore, seated myself near him, without speaking a word; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he rose up, and seemed by his jestures to take leave of some invisible guest, whom with great ceremony he attended to the door. When he returned, he addressed me with his usual formality; and, without expressing any curiosity to know how I had followed him into a region so remote and difficult of access, he began to acquaint me with all that had passed in his imagination.

"Azail," said he, "has just promised, that he will "to-morrow remove me from this solitary retire-"ment to the metropolis; where the advantages that "*arise from a perfect* coincidence of the natural and

" the moral world, will be more apparent and strik-
" ing: he tells me, that you have been abroad with
" him this morning, and have made some discove-
" ries which you are to communicate to me. Come,
" I know that you find this world very different from
" that which you left: there, all is confusion and
" deformity; good and evil seem to be distributed
" not by design, but by chance; and religion is not
" founded on reason, but faith: here, all is order,
" harmony, and beauty: vice itself is only a deep
" shadow that gives strength and elegance to other
" figures in the moral picture; happiness does, in-
" deed in some degree depend upon externals; but
" even external advantages are the appendages of
" virtue: every man spontaneously believes the rec-
" titude which he sees, and rejoices that a blind as-
" sent to propositions which contradict his experi-
" ence is not exacted."

To this address I was at a loss how to reply; but some time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhausted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and resigned himself again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myself to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating some arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

" If Azail," said I, " has referred you to me, I
" will readily gratify your curiosity: but for my own
" part I am more and more disgusted with this place,
" and I shall rejoice when I return to our own
" world. We have, I confess, been abroad this morn-
" ing; but though the weather, as you see, is fine
" and the country pleasant, yet I have great reason
" to be dissatisfied with my walk. This, as you
" have remarked, is a retired part of the country:
" my discoveries, therefore, with respect to the peo-
" ple, have been few; and till to-day, I have seen
" *no object* that has much excited my curiosity, or

" could much contribute to my information: but just " as we had crossed the third field from the house, " I discovered a man lying near the path, who " seemed to be perishing with disease and want; as " we approached, he looked up at us with an aspect " that expressed the utmost distress, but no expecta- " tion of relief: the silent complaint which yet scarce " implied a petition, melted my heart with pity; I " ran to him, and gently raising him from the ground, " enquired how I could be employed to assist him: " the man gazed at me with astonishment; and " while he was making an effort to speak, Azail " suddenly forced me from him." Suppress thy pity, said he, for it is impious; and forbear attempts of relief, for they are vain: hast thou forgot that happiness and misery are here exactly proportioned to virtue and vice; and, therefore, that to alleviate the misery, or increase the happiness, is to destroy the equipoise of the balance, and to counterwork the designs of Heaven?

" I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my " eyes from an object which I could not behold with- " out anguish, I soon discovered another person " standing at some distance, and looking towards us: " his features were fixed in the dead calm of indif- " ference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain: " I, therefore, enquired of Azail, to what moral " class he belonged; what were his virtues, pas- " sions, enjoyments, and expectations."

The man, said Azail, who is the subject of my enquiry, has not deserved, and, therefore does not suffer positive pain, either of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, and enjoys the temperate gratification of his natural appetites; this temperance is his virtue, and this enjoyment its reward. He is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon earth by the name of kind affections or social virtue: the kind affections would render his happiness de-

pendent upon others; and the exercise of social virtue presupposes the happiness of others to be dependent upon him. Every individual is here a kind of separate system: among these there can be neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor gratitude. To clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be duties to those only, who are placed where the account of Providence with vice and virtue is kept open, and the mite of human benevolence may be accepted for either; as the balance is deferred till hereafter, and will at last be stated with the utmost precision and impartiality. If these beings are intended for a future state, it is not requisite they should know it; the Deity would be justified, if they should lose existence and life together. Hope and fear are not necessary to adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to deter them from obtaining private gratifications at the expence of others: for over the happiness of others they have no power: their expectations, therefore, are bounded by the grave; and any calamity that would afford a probable proof of their existence beyond it, would be regarded as the most fortunate event that could befall them. In that of which others complain, they would rejoice; and adore as bounty, that which upon earth has been censured as injustice. "When Azail had "vouchsafed me this information, I earnestly re- "quested that I might no longer continue where my "virtues had no object, where there was no happi- "ness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that "I was permitted to relieve."

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. "I "could not forbear observing to Azail," said I, "as "we returned, that he had exhibited, in a very "strong light, the great advantages, which are de- "rived from that very constitution of the natural and "*moral* world, which, being generally considered

" as defective, some have concealed with a view to " justify Providence, and others have displayed as " an argument that all things were produced by " chance."—" But, Sir," said my friend, hastily interrupting me, " it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the existence of evil, that the stoics " denied and the epicureans admitted, for the purposes which you suppose; and I can discover, " without the assistance of Azail, that if moral evil " had been excluded, the social affections would have " been exercised only in the participation of happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for " complacency, and the alleviation of evil for the " mutual communication of good." I now conceived hopes that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would by degrees lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do, but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments, of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force. " My dear friend," said I, " you talk of the exclusion of moral evil; but does " not the exclusion of moral evil from a society of " human beings placed in a state of probation, appear to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? and could man, supposing " him to have continued impeccable, have lived upon " earth, in perpetual security from pain? would he " not have been still liable to be crushed by a fall, " or wounded by a blow? and is it not easy to shew " that these evils, which unavoidably become probable the moment our world and its first inhabitants " were produced, are apparently over-ruled by the " Wise Creator, and that from these he is perpetually educing good?

" The same act by which man forfeited his original immortality, produced eventually a proof, that " it should be restored in a future state; with such

" circumstances, as more forcibly restrained vice by " fear, and encouraged virtue by hope. Man, there- " fore, was urged by stronger motives to rectitude " of life, and a further deviation to ill became more " difficult than the first; a new field was opened for " the exercise of that virtue, which exercise only " can improve. When distress came among us, " the relief of distress was exalted into piety:" What ye did to the sick, and the prisoner, says the Author of our religion, ye did to me. " But the suf- " ferings of virtue do not only exercise virtue in " others: they are an earnest of everlasting felicity: " and hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is of " more worth than all temporary enjoyments with- " out hope. The present system is, indeed, evident- " ly in a state of progression; in this view, it will " appear to be a work worthy of Infinite Wisdom " and Goodness; for no one can complain that an " ear of corn rots in the ground, who knows that it " cannot otherwise spring up, and produce first the " blade, then the ear, and afterwards an increase, by " which alone it becomes useful."

I now paused in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success; but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed: but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding its way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract *my error: and* as a friend to truth and free inquiry,

I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen, who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth; and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach Providence to govern the world.

No. XLI. TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

.....Si mutabile pectus
Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,
Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas;
Dumque male optatos nondum premis inscius axes.
OVID.

.....Th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot but my counsel take;
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. ADDISON.

To the Adventurer.

Fleet, March 24.

SIR,

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not so been long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of Misargyrus; who has travelled no unbeaten track to misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-cheering sun, but, like another Phaëton, scorching and blast-

ing every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass as rapidly as possible through the remaining vicissitudes of my life.

When I first began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate supply. The news-papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who seemed to have no other business than to gather heaps of gold for those who place their supreme felicity in scattering it. I posted away, therefore, to one of these advertisers, who by his proposals seemed to deal in thousands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger sum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myself and a reputable housekeeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet so bad with me, as that I needed to solicit surety for thirty pounds: yet partly from the greediness that extravagance always produces, and partly from a desire of seeing the humour of a petty usurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condescended to listen to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner: and assured me, that I should find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain, that he could furnish me with the whole sum, for people were at this particular time extremely pressing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his answer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that "money was money now;" he then advised me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five *and thirty per cent.* with another panegyric upon his *own moderation.*

I will not tire you with the various practices of usurious oppression; but cannot omit my transaction with Squeeze on Tower-hill, who finding me a young man of considerable expectations, employed an agent to persuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myself. The negociator came prepared to enforce his proposal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerness of necessity, he grew cold and languid: "he had mentioned it out of "kindness; he would try to serve me: Mr. Squeeze "was an honest man, but extremely cautious." In three days he came to tell me, that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her husband, and her good-will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which usually gain access to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly presented, and was soon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peevish and backward, and my old friend whispered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the supper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another supper, and disbursed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who stiled themselves brokers, would only trust their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expensive folly, I took a house

and furnished it. I amused myself with despoiling my moveables of their glossy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with suspicions; and in this I succeeded so well that he favoured me with one hundred and sixty pounds upon that which was rated at seven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myself, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had some apprehensions, from seizing, by having a prior execution always in the house.

By such means I had so embarrassed myself, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuses, and raising small sums to quiet such as words would no longer mollify. It cost me eighty pounds in presents to Mr. Leech the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he solicited me to take when I had no need. I was perpetually harassed with importunate demands, and insulted by wretches, who a few months before would not have dared to raise their eyes from the dust before me. I lived in continual terror, frighted by every noise at the door, and terrified at the approach of every step quicker than common. I never retired to rest, without feeling the justness of the Spanish proverb, "Let him who sleeps too much, borrow the pillow "of a debtor;" my solicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had closed my eyes, I was pursued or insulted by visionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanness of the shifts I had reduced myself to, I could not but curse the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a sea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I should ever emerge. I had some time lived in hopes of an estate, at the death of my uncle; but he disappointed me by marrying his housekeeper and catching an opportunity soon after of quarrelling with

me, for settling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had seduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being squandered upon prostitutes.

Nothing now remained, but the chance of extricating myself by marriage; a scheme which, I flattered myself, nothing but my present distress would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own disposal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miss Biddy Simper. I had now paid her six or seven visits; and so fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her person and fortune would be soon mine.

At this critical time, Miss Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence lavished on her. Those days were now over; and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withstand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment disguised in a livery; and taking my sword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanship, beckoned him to seize me.

Delay would have been expensive without use, as the debt was too considerable for payment or bail: I, therefore, suffered myself to be immediately conducted to gaol.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci,
Luctus & ultrices posuêre cubilia curæ:
Pallentesque habitant morbi, tristisque senectus,
Et metus, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas. VIRG

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell;
And pale diseases, and repining age;
Want, fear and famine's unresisted rage. DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a prison is sometimes able to shock those, who endure it in a good cause: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you, with what I have not words to express, and conceive, if possible, the horrors of imprisonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary association with the refuse of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for society, but being now freed from shame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by consorting with each other.

There are, however, a few whom like myself imprisonment has rather mortified than hardened: with these only I converse; and of these you may perhaps hereafter receive some account from

Your humble servant,

T MYSARGYRUS.

No. XLII. SATURDAY, MARCH 31.

..... Sua cuique Deus sit dira Cupido. VIRG.

Our lusts are Gods, and what they will is fate.

I HAD the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we soon discovered, that his discourse, was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems *to have followed* the example of that deep philoso-

pher, who denied motion, "because," as he said, "a body must move either where it is, or where it "is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd."

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till at last he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions, than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irresistible propensities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This proposition was answered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an absurdity which it was impossible to believe; and, to expose him to the ridicule of the company, he was desired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit punishment of his design to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reason, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the sophistry that he remembered, and much more than he understood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient consequence to provoke an antagonist.

I sate silent; and as I was indulging my speculations on the scene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected several incidents which convinced me, that most of the persons who were present had lately professed the opinion which they now opposed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as absurd, and appeared to detest as impious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conversation there is a higher strain of pleasantry and humour, than in any other person of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend, at whose house we were assembled to dine, and who, during this interval, was engaged by some unexpected business in *another room*.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I have thus ventured to name, be justly offended; because that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risque of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne; he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse; but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic; "for," says he, "though I could raise double the sum upon "my own personal security; yet I would no more "borrow of a man without acquainting him at what "risque he lends, than I would solicit the insurance "of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, "by private intelligence, that she could swim no "longer than every pump was at work."

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern "he warmly commended his integrity, and la-"mented the precarious situation of a trader, whom

" economy and diligence cannot secure from calami-
" ties, which are brought upon others only by pro-
" fusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that
" I could not expect him to venture it without secu-
" rity: that my friend himself could not wonder
" that his request was refused, a request with which,
" indeed, said he, I cannot possibly comply." Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship: he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for, but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me with evident compunction and distress, " that he could not possibly
" fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had
" recommended one of his domestics, whose solici-
" tation for that reason it was not in his power to
" refuse." This gentleman, therefore, had also professed himself a machine: and indeed he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than *Mr. Traffic* of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms, "Dear Charles, "it amazes me that you should rather affect the "character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; "that you should mortify a friend, whom you not "only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a charac- "ter which you reverence, betray a secret, violate "truth, and sport with the doctrines and the prac- "tice of a religion, which you believe, merely for "the pleasure of being laughed at." I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and, greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance, "All this,', said he, "is very true; but if I was to be hanged I "could not help it." Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects, that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irrisistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequence of indulging so preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sensibility *that burst into* tears; but at the same time told *me,* "*that* she was no more able to refrain from

cards than to fly:" and a few nights afterwards I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our necessitarian; and to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtilla came in; and to atone for any dishonour, which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the birthright of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may, without reproach, deny the doctrine of necessity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. Lec-

knowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, "whose service is perfect freedom."

No. XLIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

Mobilitate viget..... VIRG.

Its life is motion.

To the Adventurer.

March 12, 1753.

SIR,

THE adulteration of the copper coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerant branches of it. Among these at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits as will find a currency no where else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel, and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publickly in the streets: but since halfpence have been valued at no more than five pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expences of printing and paper; and the servant maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing

fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire Garland or Gloucestershire Tragedy for a halfpenny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of "I love Sue, or the Lover's Com-"plaint."

It is also observable, that the Park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of "Tooth-picks! Take you six, "your honour, for a halfpenny," as it did when halfpence were halfpence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop, and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring Gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with "Good "Christians, one GOOD halfpenny to the stone-blind!" and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by shewing a bad halfpenny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad halfpence, by melting them down, from time to time, as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the

beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundery in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some halfpence I had just received in change, among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of king William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill-usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half slumber; when, to imagination, the halfpenny, which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips, stamped on its surface, articulately uttered the following narration:

"Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the "illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my ex- "traction; and though I seem to bear the venerable "marks of old age, I received my being at Birming- "ham not six months ago. From thence I was trans- "ported, with many of my brethren of different dates, "characters, and configurations, to a Jew-pedlar in "Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a "fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We "were soon after separately disposed of, at a more "moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, "chandler-shops and gin-shops.

"I had not been long in the world before an inge- "nious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on "me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, "by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into "a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again "to my native low station: and I unfortunately fell "into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who "received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into "*children so* early, that before they can possibly

" comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of " great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of " my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of " avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked " at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while " snatched me from him, and released me from my " confinement.

" I now underwent various hardships among his " playfellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed " up, and chucked into holes; which very much bat- " tered and impaired me: but I suffered most by " the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have " borne about me to this day. I was in this state the " unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, " malice and revenge, among the little apes of man- " kind, and became the object and the nurse of those " passions which disgrace human nature, while I ap- " peared only to engage children in innocent pas- " times. At length, I was dismissed from their ser- " vice, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an o- " range.

" From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to " the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should " have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-sol- " dier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence " of a bloody nose, black eyes, scratched face, and " torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall " in St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed to tell " how I parted from him—Let it suffice, that I was " soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

" From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, " and remained there with several of my brethren " for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he " was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a " whole handful of us through a sash-window into " the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remem- " bered had been so unmannerly to him the day be- " fore, *as to desire* payment of his bill. We reposed

" in soft case, on a fine Turkey carpet till the next " morning, when the maid swept us up, and some " of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy " snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away " at the door for the Sweetheart's Delight.

" It is not my design to enumerate every little ac- " cident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon tri- " vial and indifferent circumstances, as is the prac- " tice of those important egotists, who write narra- " tives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the com- " munity as my single self may appear to be, I have " been the instrument of much good and evil in the " intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no " small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my " share in each newspaper; and in the consumption " of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable " commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or " supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the " labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of " indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their " constant friend; and the rich, though they affect " to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often " reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even " in my power to relieve.

" The present exact scrutiny into our constitution " has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrass- " ed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in " my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred hav- " ing any share in maiming, bruising and destroy- " ing the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was " happy in being confined to the mock encounters " with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, " rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in arts of " cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of in- " humanity on helpless animals!

" I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what " *means* I came to you in the condition you see. A " *Choice Spirit*, a member of the Kill-Care Club,

"broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a "reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad "wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me; but "I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against "a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, "and carried me with raptures to the next baker's "shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was church-"warden, examined me with great attention, and then "gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting "off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, "and fastened me to the counter: but the moment "the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up "again, and sending me away with others in change "to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of "relating my adventures to you."

When I awaked, I found myself so much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the strange story which I had just heard; and as it is not totally destitute of use and entertainment, I have sent it to you, that, by means of your paper, it may be communicated to the public.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A. TIM. TURNPENNY.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 7.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam;
Commissumque teges, et vino tortus, et ira. HOR.

Strive not
Your patron's bosom to explore;
And let not wine or anger wrest
Th' entrusted secret from your breast. FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance; and, as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensible duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or, at least, acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private *persons, and particular* affinities amongst them, have

been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the encrease of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship, and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to *loquacious imbecility*, he must be well able to repress

the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and, that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accoutred,

" .....Sub iisdem
" Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
" Solvat Phaselon."

" .....They, who mysteries reveal,
" Beneath my roof shall never live,
" Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail."
FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and indeed I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates; *till at last, confirmation* is required, with all the solem-

nity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is encreased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once, in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge: he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, "stealing and giving odours."

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident that he only communicated it to one person. "A report," says Strada, "thus transmitted from one "to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house; "it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes "its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the "general stream." And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated

with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

No. XLV. TUESDAY, APRIL 10.

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit. LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

IT is well known, that many things appear plausible in speculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberless projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical speciousness, few have served any other purpose than to shew the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to doat upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure:

"..... .....Pereant vestigia mille
"Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

"Hills, vales, and floods, appear already crost;
"And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost." POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some, of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some of which, by a captivating shew of indubitable certainty, are perpetu-

ally gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit, as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power, till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme, and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have lived in want of what might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men, will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because others labour, and some will cease to labour because others loiter: and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will

perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress; and in the ardour of self-preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union: success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province, they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers to the constant and uniform prosecution of a common interest, arises the difficulty of securing subjects against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centres in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

"There never appear," says Swift, "more than "five or six men of genius in an age; but if they "were united, the world could not stand before them." It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compass of intellectual survey, they are more likely to chuse different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with greater obstinacy the project of

another; as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe are regulated in their progress through the etherial spaces, by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of Heaven; and held off the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men: we are formed for society, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connexion with our fellow-beings, and in a total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of Heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally presumptuous, may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things, impracticable in our present state, might be easily effected, if mankind were better disposed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since numbers would be opposed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitions of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the *union seems to* have been more expected, than

of the learned: the rest of the world have almost ways agreed, to shut scholars up together in colleg and cloisters: surely not without hope, that they wo look for that happiness in concord, which they w debarred from finding in variety; and that such c junctions of intellect would recompense the mun cence of founders and patrons, by performances ab the reach of any single mind.

But discord, who found means to roll her apple i the banquetting chamber of the goddesses, has h the address to scatter her laurels in the seminar of learning. The friendship of students and of be ties, is, for the most part, equally sincere, and equa durable: as both depend for happiness on the reg of others, on that of which the value arises mer from comparison, they are both exposed to perpet jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schen to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculc that this confinement of the studious to studious co panions, has been wholly without advantage to public: neighbourhood, where it does not concili friendship, incites competition; and he that wo contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, wh he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his im tience of inferiority, to incessant endeavours after gr attainments.

These stimulations of honest rivalry are, perha the chief effects of academies and societies; for wh ever be the bulk of their joint labours, every sin piece is always the production of an individual, t owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion diligence, a resolution to write, because the rest writing, and the scorn of obscurity, while the rest illustrious.

No. XLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

Μισω μυημονα Συμποτην. GR. PROV.

Far from my table be the tell-tale guest.

IT has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and as it is said even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and expresses greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasantry and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices, which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: "he who filches from me my good name," says Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me "poor indeed;" as nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he, whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true; this, however, amounts to no more, than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and if this practice was

universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villany by which the law is evaded, than in those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of cowardice is universally abhorred, and like the lewdness of deformity has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction, would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

Reverence thyself, is one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who reverenced himself, those thoughts would be suppressed, by which a being capable of virtue is degraded:

this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, would never suffer any approaches to obscenity in his presence; and it was said by the late lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the speaker, bu resented it as an indignity to himself: and it is evident, that to speak evil of the absent, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must degrade not only him who speaks, but those who hear; for surely that dignity of character which a man ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he is made the confident of treachery, detraction, impiety, or lust; for he, who in conversation displays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to another of a robbery, presupposes that he is a thief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any thing in conversation which would justly dishonour us if it should be reported to the world: if this rule could be always kept, we should be secure in our own innocence against the craft of knaves and parasites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be still discerned in human beings, even by those who do not see with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and he is guilty of the most aggravated detraction, who reports the weakness of a good mind discovered in an unguarded hour; something which is rather the effect of negligence, than design; rather a folly, than a fault; a sally of vanity rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim inviolably sacred among good men, never to disclose

the secrets of private conversation; a maxim, which though it seems to arise from the breach of some other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourselves and others; for to conceal any immoral purpose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are, perhaps, seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the prophane.

If he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are *a security* against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is *stung with* remorse, if he feels the force of higher

obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information, and delivers up his associates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deserves not only protection but esteem: for the same action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deserve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally classed or estimated, without some knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions, than the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of those who serve their country by bringing its enemies to punishment, are commonly flagitious in the highest degree; the ideas of this service and the most sordid villany are so connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is, therefore, no wonder, that the name by which it is expressed, especially when it is used to denominate a profession, should be odious; or that a good man should not always have sufficient fortitude to strike away the mask of disssimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever might be thought of those, who discharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions; it cannot be pretended, that he, to whom an immoral design is communicated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any private obligation to conceal it: the charge which devolves upon him, he must instantly renounce: for while he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he who communicates such design to another not by inadvertance or mistake, but upon presumption of concurrence, commits *an outrage* upon his honour and defies his resentment.

Let none, therefore be encouraged to prophane the rights of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law, which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 17.

..... Multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema. Juv.

.... Ev'ry age relates,
That equal crimes unequal fates have found;
And whilst one villain swings, another's crown'd.
CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to style himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should, even at the risque of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the *fallibility of* our judgment, as should incline us to *accept with* gratitude of that guidance which is *from above.*

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as encreases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise: but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of the glory,

which, as conqueror, was now in his power: turni
therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he
plundered, he condescended to insult him with
applause of conscious superiority; he told him, t
he had never robbed any persons who behaved bett
and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and
a token of his esteem for the living, he generou
threw him back a shilling, to prevent his being st
ped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towa
London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was pay
the toll obstructed his way, and by the light of
flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that
coat was much stained with blood; this discov
threw him into such confusion, that he attempted
rush by; he was, however, prevented; and his
pearance giving great reason to suspect his mot
he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy ab
five years old. The ladies were greatly alarm
when they heard that a person was taken who
supposed to have just committed a robbery and
murder: they asked many questions with great
gerness; but their enquiries were little regard
till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distr
offered his assistance. The elder of the two lad
acquainted him, that her husband Sir Harry Freer
was upon the road in his return from Gravesen
where he had been to receive an only son upon
arrival from India, after an absence of near
years; that herself and her daughter-in-law w
come out to meet them, but were terrified with
apprehension that they might have been stopped
the man who had just been taken into custo
Their attention was now suddenly called to the ot
side of the coach by the child, who cried out i
transport of joy, "There is my grand-papa." T
was indeed the survivor of the three who had

attacked by Bagshot: he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise, in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose countenance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection! who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen!

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer: who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do not they follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that *he won?*

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the hero and the thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when be set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally encrease the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will see, that Alexander was more the pest *of society than* Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet *in the proportion* of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain, the tinsel of dependent greatness, and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, whose person he had insulted and whose son he had stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius: neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each *other, merely to flatter* ambition with a new title, is,

perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because though Alexander marked the world with this colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question, whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king, is, to those who hazard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that God only reigns; and can appropriate the promise, that all things shall work together for good.

No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

Ibat triumphans Virgo.... .....
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces
Tulisse Christo, redderet ut reo
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit halitum
Vitæ innovatum, visibus integris. PRUDENT.

As rescu'd from intended wrong,
The modest Virgin pac'd along,
By blasting heav'n depriv'd of day
Beneath her feet the accuser lay:
She mark'd, and soon the pray'r arose
To him who bade us love our foes;
By faith inforc'd the pious call
Again relum'd the sightless ball.

TO love an enemy, is the distinguishing characteristic of a religion, which is not of man but of God. It could be delivered as a precept only by him, who lived and died to establish it by his example.

At the close of that session, in which human frailty has commemorated sufferings which it could not sustain, a season in which the most zealous devotion can only substitute a change of food for a total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surely, be incongruous to consider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which these sufferings expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his Saviour, can bless those who curse him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a distance; nor consider it without being struck with a sense of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, instead of exulting in his own excellence, will smite his breast like the publican, and cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourselves, may, perhaps, be one use of the precept; but the precept cannot, surely, be considered as having no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratification of all our wishes was offered us to love a stranger, as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform those actions which are produced by love, from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reason instead of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may still be our conduct, though to love him is impossible. The Christian will be prompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he appropriates the promises and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon these principles, may in the scripture sense be said to love his enemy; yet something more may still be effected: the passion itself in some degree is in our power; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveness, we may think as well as act with kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced in the human breast, when the proper objects of these passions occur, as the colour of material substances is necessarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the passion, and to cause either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the same object in different circumstances; as a changeable silk of blue *and yellow* may be held so as to excite the idea either *of yellow* or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, especially of a daughter, without the consent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a breach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of these vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and resentment: indignation and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the parent are necessarily excited: and there can be no doubt, but that these are species of hatred. But if the child is considered as still retaining the endearing softness of filial affection, as still longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears: as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation,

produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still encreases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character: if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us but good to himself. It should also be remembered that he has *mistaken* the means; that he has forfeited the friend-

ship of him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of him who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers:—*Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.*

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 24.

. ..... Flumina libant
Summa leves..... VIRG.

..... They lightly skim,
And gently sip the dimply river's brim.

THE character of the scholars of the present age will not be much injured and misrepresented by saying, that they seem to be superficially acquainted with a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticism and polite learning, as well as in the abstruser sciences; by the diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plausibility on the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman classics, without having thoroughly and attentively perused, or entered into the spirit and scope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digested the dissertations of Rapin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Rollin; treatises that administer great consolation to the indolent and incurious to those who can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand knowledge, as they give concise accounts of all the great heroes of ancient literature, and enable them to speak of their several characters, without the tedious drudgery of perusing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in so small a compass: such objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for French moralists and French critics, may be imputed the superficial shew of learning and abilities of which I am *complaining*. And since these alluring authors are *become not* only so fashionable an amusement of

those who call themselves the polite world, but also engross the attention of academical students, I am tempted to enquire into the merits of the most celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montaigne abounds in native wit, in quick penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot justly be denied. But a man who undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life and manners to posterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, must be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he expects either of these effects can be produced by wanton sallies of the imagination, by useless and impertinent digressions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never classing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated essayist: and it has produced many aukward imitators, who, under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into confused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montaigne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his scepticism. That man must totally have suppressed the natural love of honest reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the truly wise and good, who can calmly sit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publish his most secret infirmities, with the pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himself, and of exactly pourtraying the minutest features of his mind. Surely he deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was "*nimius in* "*veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis aman-* "*tior;*" more studious of likeness than of beauty.

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another fashionable philosopher, are written with expressive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirming, that he who labours to lessen the dignity of human nature, destroys many efficacious motives for practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his fellow creatures, whom he paints in dark and disagreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually contract a tincture from the circumstances and conditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the chagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite misanthrope has composed on his own species. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, virtue is merely the result of temper and constitution, of chance or of vanity, of fashion or the fear of losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is represented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reason, which by some is too much aggrandized and almost deified, is here degraded into an abject slave of appetite and passion, and deprived even of her just and indisputable authority. As a christian, and as a man, I despise, I detest such debasing principles.

Rochefoucault, to give a smartness and shortness to his sentences, frequently makes use of the antithesis, a mode of speaking the most tiresome and disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods. And sometimes in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. "Happiness" says he, "consists in the taste, and not "in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man "loves, that he becomes happy; not by having "what others think desirable." The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power *of imagination* with regard to felicity: but, adds the *reflector*, in a following maxim, "We are never so

" happy or so miserable, as we imagine ourselves to " be ;" which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many instances might be alledged in this admired writer, which evidently shew that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by over-charging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exist together in one subject; as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which, though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest: he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united: he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are personal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written: many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the Alchymist of Jonson, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered from an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumur furnished this assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows, are general and indiscriminate; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alledging the passages that may support his opinion: whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellencies and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at the head of the commentators on Aristotle's poetics, which certainly he understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castalvetro: but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellencies of the Greek Tragedy in a judicious and comprehensive *manner.* His translations are faithful and elegant; *and the analysis* of those plays, which on account of

some circumstances in ancient manners would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernized the characters, and overloaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles, from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals: "*juvet integ-*
"*gros accedere fontes*;" "his be the joy t'approach
"th' untasted springs." Let him remember, that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, "What the laws are of a true epic poem,
"what of a dramatic, what of a lyric: what deco-
"rum is; which is the grand masterpiece to ob-
"serve. This would make them soon perceive,
"what despicable creatures our common rhymers
"and play-wrights be; and shew them, what reli-
"gious, what glorious and magnificent use might
"be made of poetry, both in divine and human
"things."

Z.

No. L. SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
Etiamsi vera dici, amittit fidem. PHED.

The wretch that often has deceiv'd,
Though truth he speaks; is ne'er believ'd.

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falshoods; he replied, "Not "to be credited when he shall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association; the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cutthroat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind: he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues: but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equally detest-

ed by the good and bad: "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another; "for truth is necessary to all societies: nor can "the society of hell subsist without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested should be generally avoided; at least, that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation; and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can scarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and perhaps, not least mischievous: which since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the Lie of Vanity.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, most of those that are propogated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received; suspicion is always watchful over the practises of interest; and whatever the hope of gain

or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such light gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every "man has a desire to appear superior to others, "though it were only in having seen what they have "not seen." Such an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives are one continued series of wonders; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace, men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who

have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, 'till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronised the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately unknown?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves *superior to those* that surround them, and receiving

the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the playhouse or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he never can be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror for her husband, or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

There is, I think an ancient law in Scotland, by which Leasing-making was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions: yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harass the delicate with shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the *law; nor* feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

T.

No. LI. TUESDAY, MAY 1.

Si quid ex Pindari, Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum, splendet oratio; & sordescit, si quid e sacris Psalmis aptè fuerit attextum? An Libri Spiritûs cœlestis afflatû prodîti sordeant nobis præscriptis Homeri, Euripidis, aut Ennii. ERASMUS.

Is a discourse beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace? and shall we think it blemished by a passage from the sacred Psalms aptly interwoven? Do we despise the books which were dictated by the Spirit of God, in comparison of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?

To the Adventurer.

Sir,

IN the library of the Benedictine Monks, at Lyons, has lately been discovered a most curious manuscript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I send you the following extract translated from this extraordinary work.

My dear Terentianus,

YOU may remember, that in my treatise on the sublime, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses the Jewish lawgiver: "Let there be light, and "there was light." I have since met with a large volume translated into Greek by the order of Ptolemy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs, of that singular and unaccountable people. And, to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of its stile, and the supreme grandeur of its images; many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of God, the mountains and the *forests do not only* tremble, as in Homer, but "are

" melted down like wax at his presence." He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but " comes flying upon the wings of the wind: " while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and " forests, and Earth and Heaven, all exult together " before their Lord." And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the infinite Mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner? ...." Whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb " up into Heaven, thou art there! If I go down to " Hell, lo, thou art there also! If I take wings and fly " toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost " parts of the western ocean; even there also"..... the poet does not say " I shall find thee," but far more forcibly and emphatically....." thy right hand shall " hold me." With what majesty and magnificence is the Creator of the world, before whom the whole universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity, introduced making the following sublime enquiry! " Who hath measured the waters in the " hollow of his hand, and meted out Heaven with a " span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a " measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and " the hills in a balance?" Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these barbarians learn to speak of God, in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the deities of Homer and Hesiod, in comparison of this Jehovah of the illiterate Jews! before whom, to use this poet's own words, all other gods are " as a drop of a bucket," and are counted " as the small dust of the balance."

Had I been acquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatise on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many strokes of *eloquence*, more irresistibly moving than any I have *borrowed* from our three great tragedians, or even

from the tender Simonides himself. The same Moses I formerly mentioned, relates the history of a youth sold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner so deeply interesting, with so many little strokes of nature and passion, with such penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with such various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with such a striking and important discovery, as cannot be read without astonishment and tears; and which I am almost confident Aristotle would have preferred to the story of his admired OEdipus, for the artificial manner in which the recognition, ἀναγνωρισις, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and circumstances of the story itself, and not from things extrinsical and unessential to the fable.

In another part we are presented with the picture of a man most virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exercise of his fortitude and patience, is hurled down from the summits of felicity, into the lowest depths of distress and despair. Were ever sorrow and misery and compassion expressed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who when they first discovered him in this altered condition, destitute, afflicted, tormented, "sat down with "him upon the ground seven days, and seven nights; "and none spake a word unto him, for they saw that "his grief was very great." Let us candidly confess, that this noble passage is equal, if not superior to that celebrated description of parental sorrow in Aschylus; where the venerable father of tragedy, whose fire and enthusiasm sometimes force him forwards to the very borders of improbability, has in this instance justly represented Niobe sitting disconsolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and observing a profound silence. Such silences are something more affecting, and more strongly expressive of passion, than the most artful speeches *In Sophocles*, when the unfortunate Deianira dies

vers her mistake in having sent a poisoned vestment to her husband Hercules, her surprize and sorrow are unspeakable, and she answers not her son who acquaints her with the disaster, but goes off the stage without uttering a syllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty florid Iambics, in which she would bitterly have bewailed her misfortunes, and informed the spectators that she was going to die.

In representing likewise the desolation and destruction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, these Jewish writers have afforded many instances of true pathos. One of them expresses the extreme distress occasioned by a famine, by this moving circumstance: "The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the "roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children "ask bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; the "hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own "children." Which tender and affecting stroke reminds me of the picture of a sacked city by Aristides the Theban, on which we have so often gazed with inexpressible delight: that great artist has expressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, lest her infant, who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: "I will make a man more preci-"ous than fine gold; even a single person than the "golden wedge of Ophir."

What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to

strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus they think it not enough to say "that "Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never more "be inhabited;" but they add a picturesque stroke, "neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there: the "wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate "houses, and dragons in their pleasant places."

You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images, by which a writer seems to behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Diomede, "that "she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, "and give him power clearly to discern the gods that "were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he "might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any "of the celestial beings, Venus excepted." Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: "Jehovah," the tutelar God of the Jews, "opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; "and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and "chariots of fire round about him!"

Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale, when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him? and shall we be less affected with the writer, who breaks out into the following question? "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed gar-"ments from Bosra; this that is glorious in his ap-"parel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?".... It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows, "I that am mighty to save." "Wherefore," resumes the poet, "art thou red in thine apparel, and "thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-"fat?" "I have trodden the wine-press alone," answers the God; "and of the people there were none "*with me*: for I will tread them in mine anger and

" trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be " sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all " my raiment." Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out, " How long shall I see the standard, and " hear the sound of the trumpet!" And to represent total desolation, he imagines he sees the universe reduced to its primitive chaos: " I beheld the earth, " and lo! it was without form and void; and the hea- " vens, and they had no light."

Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the Prosopopæias, and the rich variety of comparisons, with which every page of these extraordinary writings abound. When I shall have pointed out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be prejudiced against it, by the reproaches, raillery, and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry, is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell. Z

No. LII. SATURDAY, MAY 5.

....Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum. HOR.

.....Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead. FRANCIS.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all *men* are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain

and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and, as the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I contrived a series of events by which it was illustrated and established: and that I might substitute action for narrative, and decorate sentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my story by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the past, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a visit, and when I went abroad I always put it into my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always encreasing; and was at length mentioned with such commendation to a very great lady, that she was pleased to favour me with a message, by which I was invited to breakfast at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a select company would then expect the pleasure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and especially this message, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected with great self-complacence, upon the general complaint, that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own ele-

vation was not only certain, but near; and that the representation of my play would be secured by a message to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of solicitation and attendance unnecessary.

Elated with these expectations, I rose early in the morning, and being dressed long before it was time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant, whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous *queue* of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had, with a crooked pin, hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I had got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me, in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore

hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair: but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence: but after some hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speechless. The gentleman, however, kindly discovered the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming against the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at the same time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This discovery afforded me inexpressible relief; my paper ramelie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was still embarrassed by the consequences of my mistake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with solicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with which she was treated by persons who were so much my superiors, struck me with awe; my powers of recollection were suspended, and I resolved to express my sentiments only by the lowness of my bow and the distance of my behaviour: I therefore hastily retreated backward; and at the same time bowing with the most profound reverence, unhappily overturned the screen, which in its fall threw down the breakfast table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midst of this ruin I stood torpid in silence and amazement, stunned with the shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china: and while I considered myself as the author of such complicated mischief, I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who with a halter about his neck looks up, while the other end of it is fastening to a gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady sometimes adverted to me: she politely desired that I would

consider the accident as of no consequence; the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hoped Pompey was more frighted than hurt. I made some apology, but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a razure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when, casting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which, during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen, had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors; but I was ex-

tremely mortified to find, that whenever I paused to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who still continued to whine upon his cushion, and was lamented in these affectionate and pathetic terms—"Ah! poor, dear, pretty, little creature."

It happened, however, that by some incidents in the fourth act, the passions were apparently interested, and I was just exulting in my success, when the lady who sat next me unhappily opening her snuff-box, which was not effected without some difficulty, the dust that flew up threw me into a fit of sneezing, which instantly caused my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore hastily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with less emotion than if I had seen a ghost, that I discovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effusion descended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away, with looks which shewed that their pity was not proof against the ridicule of my distress. What I suffered at this moment, can neither be expressed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguish of my mind, without knowing what I sought; and at last holding up my manuscript before my face, I was compelled to make use of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my bosom. After many painful efforts, I proceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finished, and they expressed great impatience to hear the catastrophe: I therefore began the fifth with fresh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, professors of buckism, who came with a design to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when they came in; but what was my astonishment, to perceive

the napkin, which I had unfortunately secured by one corner, hang down from my waist to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble buck who stood nearest to me; who swearing an oath of astonishment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the servant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were scarce less confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herself was somewhat disconcerted; she saw my extreme confusion; and thought fit to apologize for her cousin's behaviour: "He is a wild boy, Sir," says she, "he plays these tricks with every body; but it "is his way, and nobody minds it." When we were once more seated, the bucks, upon the peremptory refusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would stay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was therefore requested to go on. But my spirits were quite exhausted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the presence of two persons, who appeared to consider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and sport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already lost in my own estimation; and had scarce any wish but to return without further disgrace into the quiet shade of obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprised at the attention with which my new auditors seemed to listen as I went on: the dog was now silent; I encreased the pathos of my voice in proportion as I ascended the climax of distress, and flattered myself that poetry and truth would be still victorious: but just at this crisis, the gentleman, who had disengaged me from *the napkin*, desired me to stop half a moment; some-

thing, he said, had just started into his mind, which, if he did not communicate, he might forget: then turning to his companion, " Jack," says he, " there " was sold in Smithfield, no longer ago than last Sa- " turday, the largest ox that ever I beheld in my life." The ridicule of this malicious apostrophe was so striking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroness herself burst into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect: for if I had been detected in an unsuccessful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more shame, confusion, and anguish. The laughter into which the company had been surprised, was, however, immediately suppressed, and a severe censure passed upon the person who produced it To atone for the mortification which I had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmost impatience to hear the conclusion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed; but though I once more attempted to recollect myself, and again began the speech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted; my voice faultered, and I had scarce breath to finish the first period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the buck, who suddenly snatched the manuscript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play justice, and that he would finish it himself. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited sensations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetuslly on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been sustained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happiness. during a series of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the success of her own projects, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity, and confusion.

These events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonstration, that "the torments of Tartarus, and the felicity of Elysium, were not necessary to the justification of the gods; since whatever inequality might be pretended in the distribution of externals, peace is still the prerogative of virtue, and intellectual misery can be inflicted only by guilt."

But the intellectual misery which I suffered at the very moment when this favourite sentiment was read, produced an irresistible conviction that it was false: because, except the dread of that punishment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the prosecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the misery that I suffered, suddenly propagated itself: for not only enjoyment, but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was so much affected that I took my leave with the abrupt haste of distress and perplexity. I had no concern about what should be said of me when I was departed; and, perhaps, at the moment when I went out of the house, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myself. The next morning, when I reflected cooly upon these events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have supposed that my desire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my distress; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not possible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impossibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, we must *either do* something from which we have power to

abstain, or neglect something which we have power to do: there remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly discovered by means so extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the Adventurer.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 8.

Quisque suos patimur Manes. VIRG.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

Fleet, May 6.

SIR,

IN consequence of my engagements, I address you once more from the habitations of misery. In this place, from which business and pleasure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise: but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to wait for solicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, t give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to

improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expence of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered, that victory brought him more honour than profit; resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring bettor, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race, by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired, and some friends, that had no souls, advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore, without caution, encreased his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on every course, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and, as the unexperienced regulated their betts by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risqued his whole fortune upon Bay Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair, and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon, two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary *matches*, to repeat the pedigree of Bay Lincoln, and *to form* resolutions against trusting another groom *with the* choice of his girth.

The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snug, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed. Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty; but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney-coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without expence; masters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good housekeeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his housekeeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased by the loss of his patrimony either honour or pleasure, or obtained *any other* gratification than that of having

corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleness.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman; but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stock-jobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety, in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to have his security accepted when his friends were in distress. Elated with these associations, he soon learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn his money out of the funds, to avoid the necessity of teazing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at last to retire hither till his friends can procure him a post at court.

Another that joins in the same mess, is Bob Cornice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a house. About ten years ago, Bob purchased the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere shell of a building, Bob holds no great matter, the inside is the test of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner master than he summoned twenty workmen to his assistance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, stripped off the wainscot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the disposition of doors and fire-places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form: his next care was to have his ceilings painted, his panels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved: every thing was executed by the ablest hands: Bob's business was to follow the workmen with a microscope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and

heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his house now brings round him a daily confluence of visitants, and every one tells him of some elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, some convenience not yet procured, or some new mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wish but to be admired, nor any guide but the fashion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and considered his work as unfinished, while any observer could suggest an addition; some alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto: Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large sum in shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him off to less elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirit suffers to grow rich. It were happy if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. MISARGYRUS.

No. LIV. SATURDAY, MAY 12.

.....Sensim labefacta cadebat
Religio..... CLAUDIAN.

....His confidence in heav'n
Sunk by degrees..... ...

IF a recluse moralist, who speculates in a cloist should suppose every practice to be infamous in pr portion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man wou wonder: but every man who is acquainted with lif and is able to substitute the discoveries of experien for the deductions of reason, knows that he would l mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal th adultery; and yet it is known to render a man mu more infamous and contemptible; for he who wou modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insu for which life only could atone. Thus are men tam ly led hoodwinked by custom, the creature of the own folly, and while imaginary light flashes und the bandage which excludes the reality, they fond believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy th it deserves, though other vices incur less. I ha before remarked, that there are some practices, whic though they degrade a man to the lowest class moral characters, do yet imply some natural supe ority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an ir plication of weakness and defect. Slander is the r venge of a coward, and dissimulation his defenc lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitu of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology ir ply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or i decorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of the language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies more effectually than others destroy that mutual confidence, which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: "A lying tongue is but for a moment." Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing, that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and, that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding-school near London: there was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet, as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the lady Meadows, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprised with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good-nature and good-sense, an agreeable person, and an easy address: Miss was insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependance and obscurity, had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends, and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, *with whom* the bride had contracted an intimate *friendship*, might be gratified with the diversions of *the town* during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather encreased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sate down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the Captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured: but a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the Captain insisted upon *waiting on* her ladyship home. This she refu-

sed with some emotion; it is probable she still regarded the Captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not allledge, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the Captain had not only thrown Lady Forrest into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness, oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added, with a kind of drowsy insensibility, "I am more than half asleep already."

Lady Forrest and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The Captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the Captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney-coach: she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bondstreet, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the *design of* this early visit, Miss Meadows entreated *her to give* up her walk in the Park, to stay till the

family rose, and go home after breakfast; "No," replied Lady Forrest, "I am determined upon a walk; "but as I must first get rid of Captain Freeman, "I will send down word that I will take your ad- "vice." A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the Captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed and had engaged Lady Forrest to breakfast.

No. LV. TUESDAY, MAY 15.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis.
Cautum est in horas. HOR.

While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprize. FRANCIS.

THE Captain discharged the coach; but been piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The Captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation

which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide: pride and good breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the Captain's mind any suspicion of a design to shun him, and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of woman's mind, and concluded with observing, that she changed her's too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring-Gardens, they went out instead of going back: and the Captain having put the lady into a chair took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey, at night. He learnt from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident, which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the Captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honor of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspense and irresolution, whether to

wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his servant's, that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indifference and dissimulation of a design to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his absence suffered inexpressible disquiet; she had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to sleep; she walked backward and forward in her chamber, distracted with jealousy and suspense, till she was informed that Sir James was below, and desired to see her. When she came down, he discovered that she had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy, and he concluded that some fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he soon learnt that she and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent a duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cause for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as possible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two persons were never more embarrassed by the presence of each other. While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and to the unspeakable grief both of the lady and her guest, was immediately admitted. Doctor Tattle is one of those male gossips who in the common opinion are the most diverting company in the world. The Doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited, and made several efforts to divert her, but without success: at last he declared with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her such news as *would make her look* grave for something; "The

" Captain," says he, " has just huddled a lady into a " chair, at the door of a bagnio near Spring-Gar- " dens." He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and, therefore, added, " that " she need not, however, be jealous; for notwith- " standing the manner in which he had related the " incident, the lady was certainly a woman of cha- " racter, as he instantly discovered by her mien and " appearance :" This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could assume, asked the Captain, " What he had done with his wife." The Captain, with some irresolution, replied, that " he had left her early in the morning at her father's; " and that having made a point of waiting on her " home, she sent word down that her cousin Mea- " dows was indisposed, and had engaged her to break- " fast." The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately enquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal, for the same reasons; or, if she did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as soon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with some appear-

ace of satisfaction, and was followed by the Doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the Captain were one, she questioned him with great earnestness bout the lady whom he had been seen to put into a hair. When he had heard that this incident had een related in the presence of Sir James, he was reatly alarmed lest lady Forrest should increase his spicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by series of enquiry to which he was now stimulated, e would probably discover: he condemned this con-ict in himself, and, as the most effectual means at ce to quiet the mind of his wife and obtain her sistance, he told her all that had happened, and s apprehension of the consequences: he also urged r to go directly to Miss Meadows, by whom his count would be confirmed, and of whom she might arn farther intelligence of Sir James; and to find me way to acquaint lady Forrest with her danger, d admonish her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the Captain's sin-rity, not only by the advice which he urged her to ive to lady Forrest, but by the consistency of the ory and the manner in which he was affected. Her alousy was changed into pity for her friend, and ap-rehension for her husband. She hasted to Miss Mea-ows, and learnt that Sir James had enquired of the ser-ant for his lady, and was told that she had been there arly with Captain Freeman, but went away soon after im: she related to Miss Meadows all that had hap-ened, and thinking it at least possible that Sir James ight not go directly home, she wrote the following tter to his lady:

"My dear Lady Forrest,

"I AM in the utmost distress for you. Sir James has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had *not concealed* my desire of the Captain's return,

" your design to disengage yourself from him, which
" I learn from Miss Meadows would have been ef-
" fected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the
" Haymarket; and has since called at your father's,
" from whence I write: he knows that your stay
" here was short, and has reason to believe the Cap-
" tain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at
" Spring-Gardens. I hope, therefore, my dear lady,
" that this will reach your hands time enough to
" prevent your concealing any thing. It would have
" been better if Sir James had known nothing, for then
" you would not have been suspected; but now he
" must know all, or you cannot be justified. For-
" give the freedom with which I write, and believe
" me most affectionately

" Yours,

" MARIA FREEMAN.

" P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came
" from Mrs. Fashion the milliner."

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliners; because, if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady, without communicating the contents.

ADVENTURER
Vol. 2 N°56.
Engraved by G. Fitch

No. LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 19.

——Multos in summa pericula misit.
Venturi timor ipse mali. LUCAN.

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

SIR James being convinced, that his lady and the Captain had passed the morning at a bagnio, by the answer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was just arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confusion and dread which seized her when she heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the same instant anticipated the consequences of her own indiscretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-house, and in a few minutes was thrown into an universal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her distress, not with compassion but rage, because he believed it to proceed from the consciousness of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he so far restrained his passion as to ask without invective, "Where and how she had passed the night." She replied, "At Captain Freeman's; that the Cap-
"tain was upon guard, that she sat up with his lady
"till he came in, and that then insisting to see her
"home she would suffer the coach to go no further
"than her father's, where he left her early in the
"morning:" she had not fortitude to relate the sequel, but stopped with some appearance of irresolution and terror. Sir James then asked, "If she came
"directly from her father's home." This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was im-

pelled by equivocation to falsehood, from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no further than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that "she staid with "Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home:" but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had been dispatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home: he therefore left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain Freeman; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons not to own to Sir James, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told *that she* staid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at *which only* herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the hairman had returned with an account of what had appened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was just one in great haste to relate the accident to the Cap-ain, as it was of importance that he should know it efore his next interview with Sir James: but the aptain had been at home before her, and had receiv-d both Sir James' billet and that of his lady. He ent immediately to the tavern, and, enquiring for ir James Forrest, was shewn into a back-room one air of stairs: Sir James received his salutation with-ut reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealou-y was complicated with that indignation and con-mpt, which a sense of injury from a person of in-rior rank never fails to produce; he therefore, de-anded of the Captain in a haughty tone, "Whe-ther he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's?" he Captain who was incensed at Sir James's man-er, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep he lady's secret, answered, that "after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to sup-pose he had seen the lady afterwards; that to in-sinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a falsehood, that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained; and that as a gentleman he was prepared to vindi-cate his honour." Sir James justly deemed this eply an equivocation and an insult; and being no onger able to restrain his rage, he cursed the Captain s a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time strik-ng him a violent blow with his fist, drew his sword nd put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he there-fore, drew at the same instant, and after a few des-

perate passes on both sides, he received a wound i his breast, and reeling backward a few paces, fe down.

The noise had brought many people to the door c the room, and it was forced open just as the Captai received his wound: Sir James was secured, and messenger was dispatched for a surgeon. In th mean time, the captain perceived himself to be dying and whatever might before have been his opinion c right and wrong, and honour and shame, he no thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his mur derer had a right to that truth which he thought meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: h therefore, earnestly desired to speak a few words t him in private. This request was immediately grant ed; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, con tenting themselves to keep guard at the door; an the Captain beckoning Sir James to kneel down by hin then told him that "however his lady might hav "been surprized or betrayed by pride or fear int "dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of th "crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal: he then briefly related all the events as they had hap pened; and at last grasping his hand, urged him t escape from the window, that he might be a friend t his widow and to his child, if its birth should not b prevented by the death of its father. Sir Jame yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped a the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover, h read the letter which he had taken from the chairman and the next post inclosed it in the following to hi lady:

"My dear Charlotte,

"I AM the most wretched of all men; but I d "not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that "were not more guilty than you! We are the ma "tyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Ca

" tain Freeman was induced to waste those hours " with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed " with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trust- " ing in the success of dissimulation, you was tempt- " ed to enter into the Park, where you met him whom " you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation " in the Captain, my suspicions were encreased; " and by dissimulation and falsehood you confirmed " them. But your dissimulation and falsehood were " the effects of mine: yours were ineffectual, mine " succeeded: for I left word that I was gone no fur- " ther than the coffee-house, that you might not sus- " pect I had learned too much to be deceived. By " the success of a lie put into the mouth of a chair- " man, I was prevented from reading a letter which " at last would have undeceived me; and by persist- " ing in dissimulation, the Captain has made his " friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus " does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, " whether in its immediate purpose it succeeds or is " disappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we " meet again.....to meet again in peace is impos- " sible.....but if ever we meet again, let us resolve " to be sincere: to be sincere is to be wise, innocent " and safe. We venture to commit faults which " shame or fear would prevent, if we did not hope " to conceal them by a lie. But in the labyrinth of " falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek " to avoid; and as in the strait path of truth alone " they can see before them, in the strait path of truth " alone they can pursue felicity with suceess. Adieu! " I am.....dreadful!.....I can subscribe nothing that " does not reproach and torment me.....Adieu!"

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

No. LVII. TUESDAY, MAY 22.

.....Nec vox hominem sonat..... VIRG.

.....O more than human voice!

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner:

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings: and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas; to embody the Virtues, the Vices, and the Passions; and to bring before our eyes as on a stage, every faculty of the human mind.

Prosopopœia, therefore, or personification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be justly esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this figure many illustrious examples may be produced from the Jewish writers I have been so earnestly recommending to your perusal; among whom, every part and object of nature is animated, and endowed with sense, with passion, and with language.

To say that the lightning obeyed the commands of God, would of itself be sufficiently sublime; but a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far greater energy and life: "Canst thou send lightnings, that "they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are!" And again, "God sendeth forth light, and it go-"eth: he calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with "fear." How animated, how emphatical, is this *unexpected* answer, "Here we are!"

Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces in his Crito, the laws of Athens pleading with Socrates, and dissuading him from an attempt to escape from the prison in which he was confined; and the Roman rival of Demosthenes has made his country tenderly expostulate with Cataline, on the dreadful miseries which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of these admired personifications, to those passages in the Jewish poets, where Babylon, or Jerusalem, or Tyre, are represented as sitting on the dust, covered with sackcloth, stretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their desolation? Nay, farther, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying of herself; "When "God prepared the heavens, I was there; when he "set a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave "to the sea his decree that the waters should not "pass his commandments, when he appointed the "foundations of the earth, then was I by him as "one brought up with him; and I was daily his de-"light, playing always before him." Where, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva, speaking with such dignity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard, is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great Creator himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other Prosopopœia: "Destruction and Death "say (of Wisdom) we have heard the fame thereof "with our ears." If pretenders to taste and judgment censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

When Jehovah is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added, "Be-"fore him went the Pestilence." When the Baby-

lonian tyrant is destroyed, " the fir-trees rejoice at " his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since " thou art laid down, no feller is come up against " us." And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, " they languish toge- " ther." Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal: " O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it " be ere thou be quiet! Put up thyself into thy scab- " bard, rest and be silent." Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish, and revenge ascribed to the trees of the forest, to walls, and warlike instruments.

Before I conclude these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble Prosopopœia, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague....." Hell is enriched with groans and la- " mentations." This image is heightened by a Jewish author, who describes Hell or Hades, as, " an " enormous monster, who hath extended and en- " larged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth " without measure."

Cassandra, in Eschylus, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who is murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury, " Shall I call her the direful mother of " Hell!" To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says, " The first-born " of Death shall devour his strength."

Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the Prosopopœia no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced *speaking* with propriety and decorum. The speeches *which the* Jewish poets have put into the mouth of

their Jehovah, are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible Majesty of the All-Perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony, "Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest; or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone? When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars, and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed." How can we reply to these sublime enquiries, but in the words that follow? "Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth."

I have in a former treatise observed to you, that Homer has degraded his Gods into men: these writers alone have not violated the Divine Majesty by inadequate and indecent representations, but have made the great Creator act and speak in a manner suitable to the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since God alone can describe himself to man.

I had written thus far, when I received dispatches from the empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

The use of similies in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances, and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Not solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the subject, but taken all together contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard and even to the skirts of his clothing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bride-groom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom, of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great solemnity and splendor, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of God for his favourites expressed! "As the eagle stirreth up "her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth "abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them "on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them!" On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described; "I will be unto them as a lion, "as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I "will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her "whelps, and I will rent the caul of their heart." A little afterwards the scene suddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes: "I will be as the dew unto Judea; he shall grow as "the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beau-"*ty shall* be as the olive-tree, and his smell like "*Mount* Libanus." Menander himself, that just

characteriser of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following: "As "the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the "aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man." Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his mistress, or bride, in images perfectly original and new: "Thy hair," says he, "is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount "Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that "are even shorn, which come up from the wash-"ing:" by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness, are justly represented. "Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for "an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand buck-"lers, all shields of mighty men:" that is, straight and tall, adorned with golden chains and the richest jewels of the East. "Thy two breasts are like two "young roses that are twins, which feed among the "lilies," the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purposely reserved one comparison for a conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of your's and mine. "My brethren," says the writer, "have dealt deceitfully with me. They "are like torrents which when swoln and increased "with winter showers and the meltings of ice, pro-"mise great and unfailing plenty of waters; but in "the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched "up and disappear. The traveller in the deserts of "Arabia seeks for them in vain; the troops of She-"ba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: "they came to the accustomed springs for relief; "they were confounded, they perished with thirst."

In giving you these short specimens of Jewish

poesy, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the above-mentioned Moses dispatched, to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one cluster of grapes, "so large and "weighty," says the historian, "that they bare it "between two upon a staff." Farewell.

Z

No. LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 25.

Damnant quod non intelligunt. Cic.

They condemn what they do not understand.

EURIPIDES, having presented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philosopher famed for involution and obscurity, enquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. "What I understand," said Socrates, "I find to be excellent; and, therefore, believe that "to be of equal value which I cannot understand."

The reflection of every man who reads this passage will suggest to him the difference between the practice of Socrates, and that of modern critics; Socrates, who had, by long observation upon himself and others, discovered the weakness of the strongest, and the dimness of the most enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide hastily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, because he could not immediately catch his ideas; he knew that the faults of books are often more justly imputable to the reader, who sometimes wants attention, and sometimes penetration; whose understanding is often obstructed by prejudice, and often dissipated by re-

missness; who comes sometimes to a new study, unfurnished with knowledge previously necessary; and finds difficulties insuperable, for want of ardour sufficient to encounter them.

Obscurity and clearness are relative terms: to some readers, scarce any book is easy, to others, not many are difficult: and surely they, whom neither any exuberant praise bestowed by others, nor any eminent conquests over stubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the common orders of mankind, might condescend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find incontestible proofs of superior genius, be content to think there is justness in the connection which they cannot trace, and cogency in the reasoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in the perusal of the authors of antiquity; of those whose works have been the delight of ages, and transmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: surely, no man can, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that he brings any superiority of understanding to the perusal of these books, which have been preserved in the devastation of cities, and snatched up from the wreck of nations; which those who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the destruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attestation of successive ages, any passages shall appear unworthy of that praise which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dulness or bigotry; but suspect at least that our ancestors had some reasons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of those reasons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in succeeding times, by that which raised

the loudest applause among his cotemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleasure than allusions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or present controversies: but when facts are forgotten, and controversies extinguished, these favourite touches lose all their graces; and the author, in his descent to posterity, must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things, to which he owed his luckiest thoughts, and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chasm of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus, in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety, till Le Fevre, by shewing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines:

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum

Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All-powerful gold can spread its course,
Thro' watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold thro' cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Tho' fierce as their own winds and waves. FRANCIS.

The close of this passage, by which every reader is now disappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined, that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to storm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to some fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more interesting for a time than the conquests of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another stanza in the same book:

..... Jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor
Seu navis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame. FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the Factor, or the Spanish Merchant, are men-

tioned by chance: there was undoubtedly some popular story of an intrigue, which those names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed; his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost: this has happened to the twentieth Ode of the first book;

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi; datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,
Chare Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vatisani
Montis imago.

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast.
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away;
I seal'd it too....a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.

FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those, to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas, gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the *judgment*, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa;

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.

Varius, a swan of Homer's wing,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing. FRANCIS.

That Varius should be called "A bird of Homeric song," appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been proposed: but surely the learning of the ancients had been long ago obliterated, and every man thought himself at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not understand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his contemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Musarum ales, the swan of the Muses, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that such a compliment was at least possible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himself.

The most elegant compliment that was paid to Addison, is of this obscure and perishable kind:

When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

These lines must please as long as they are understood; but can be understood only by those that have observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of these minute allusions I shall exemplify by another instance, which I take this occasion to mention, because, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses Cynthia in this manner:

Te spectem, suprema mihi cùm venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,
Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus;

Cynthia decepens, felicius, inquit, amata
Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram,
Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna dolori?
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consists in the appropriation made by Nemesis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to succeeding ages, had chance, which has destroyed so many greater volumes, deprived us likewise of the poems of Tibullus.

No. LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 29.

.....Si Pieriâ Quandrans tibi nullus in Arcâ
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ
Et vendas potiùs, commissa quod Auctio vendit
Stantibus, Oenophorum, Tripodes, Armaria, Cistas,
Halcyonem Bacchi, Thebas, & Terea fausti. Juv.

If not a souse in thy lank purse appear,
Go mount the rostrum and turn auctioneer;
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan,
With spurious pictures and with false japan;
Sell the collected stores of misers dead,
Or English peers for debts to Gallia fled.

THE indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings.

.....Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ,

Where pigeons lay their eggs,

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak: and resolving at last to forsake Paris.

.....ou la vertu n'a plus ni Feu ni Lieu;

Where shiv'ring worth no longer finds a home;

and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto:

D'ou jamais ni l' Huissier, ni le Serjent n' approche;

Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns molest, POPE.

"The rich comedian," says Bruyere, "lolling in "his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille "walking afoot:" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet, to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing: and that it was the common fate of the fraternity,

Pallere, & vinum toto nesceri Decembri,

..... To pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine, DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded for de-"cayed wits," said a lively Frenchman, "and it "might be called an hospital of incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune,

> Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
> Ostendat nemore in tanto!
>
> O! in this ample grove could I behold
> The tree that blooms with vegetable gold. PITT.

The patronage of Lelius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer, little inferior to the Spaniard, in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. "At last," says he, in one of his epistles, "I should have been advanced to a car-"dinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, "by which those are secluded from this honour, "*whose* income amounts not to three thousand du-"*cats.*"

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, intitled, "A poet hath bought a house." The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly, a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear, on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts, and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of economy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymer has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because *Butler* and Otway lived and died in an alehouse.

As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. "If I "should happen to look pale" says Horace, "all the "hackney-writers in Rome would immediately drink "cummin to gain the same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass, only because Pope was near sighted.

I can easily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, glancing with astonishing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius: to be able to build imaginary palaces of the most exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace: to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by ploughing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of economy, and who have conducted their families with all the parsimony and regularity of an alderman of the last century; who have not superciliously disdained to enter into concerns of common life, and to subscribe to and study certain necessary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well *knowing* that because they are vulgar, they are, *therefore*, both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey ages nearer our own, we shall find several of the greatest geniuses so far from being sunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed splendor and honours, or at least were secured against the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches farther than to attain a decent competence, is too low and illiberal an occupation for a real genius to descend to; and Horace wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which necessarily contracts and rusts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, who commanded his countrymen in several most important expeditions: Theocritus was caressed and enriched by Ptolemy; and the gaiety of Anacreon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps Boileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking of Namur: Virgil at last possessed a fine house at Rome, and a villa at Naples: "Horace," says Swift in one of his lectures on economy to Gay, "I am sure kept his coach:" Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the most exquisite capital statues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domestic life, and lived with examplary frugality and order: Corneille and Racine were both admirable masters of their families, faithful husbands, and prudent economists; Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchase a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently skilled in the management of his finances, and despised that affectation which are

gantly aims to place itself above the necessary decorums and rules of civil life: in all which particulars they were equalled by Addison, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry and prudence are incompatible: a conclusion that seems to have arisen in this kingdom, from the dissolute behaviour of the despicable debauchees, that disgraced the muses and the court of Charles the Second, by their lives and by their writings. Let those who are blest with genius recollect, that economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; and the beauteous sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health; and that profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with "irons that "enter into their souls."

Z

No. LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Jus est et ab hoste doceri.

Our foes may teach, the wise by foes are taught.

TO have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been surely inexcusable; as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge: and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility of faction, when his genuine productions shall be better *known*. He has, indeed, been suspected of some *attempts* against revealed religion; but the letter

hich I have the honour to publish, will do justice his character, and set his principles in a new ght.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

AS your principal design is to revive the practice f virtue, by establishing the Christian Religion; you ill naturally conclude, that your views and mine re directly opposite: and my attempt to shew, that is your interest to admit my correspondence, will, herefore, be considered as a proof of the contrary. ou will, however, soon discover, that by promoting our interest, I seek my own; and when you have ead my letter, you will be far from suspecting, that nder a specious shew of concurrence in your under- aking, I have concealed an attempt to render it in- ffectual.

"Never to give up the present for the future," is maxim which I have always taught both by precept nd example: I consider the NOW, as the whole of ny existence; and therefore to improve it, is the hole of my study. And, indeed, happiness, like irtue, consists not in rest, but in action: it is found ather in the pursuit, than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the stag, is the purpose of he chace; yet the moment this purpose is accom- plished, the sport is at an end. Virtue and religion alone can afford me employment: without them, I must inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should, therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was resisted, have been content to surmount them: for he who should hamstring the game, lest any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition: and as it will at once answer your pur-

pose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and shew how my disappointment was produced.

My principal business has always been to counterwork the effects of revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle; and still think it an incontestible proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity; but I soon discovered that Christianity afforded motives to virtue and piety, which were scarce to be overpowered by temptation: I was, therefore, obliged now to exert my power, not upon the senses but the understanding. As I could not suspend the force of these motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects; and in the eighth century I had so far succeeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that "the worship of images was of more moment "than moral rectitude:" it was decreed by a pope and council, that to speak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation, and that the offender should, therefore, be excommunicated: those who opposed this decree, were persecuted with fire and sword; and I had the satisfaction not only of supplanting virtue, but of propogating misery, by a zeal for religion. I must not, however, arrogate all the honour of an event which so much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book, intitled Pratum Spirituale: in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to desist if he would cease to worship an image of the Virgin; and that the hermit having consulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the condition, was told, that it was more eli-

gible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worship of images: and I declare upon my honour, that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by the ingenious author. That salvation had very little connection with virtue, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with great diligence; and with such success, that Boniface, the apostle of Germany, declared the benefit of sacraments to depend upon the qualifications of those by whom they were administered; and that a Bavarian monk having ignorantly baptized in these words, "Baptizo te in nomine patria filia et spiritua "sancta," all such baptisms were invalid. Against knowledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal; and when Virgilius asserted, that the earth being a sphere, there were people upon it the soles of whose feet were directly opposite to each other; the same father Boniface represented him to the pope as a corrupter of the Christian faith; and the pope, concurring with Boniface, soon after excommunicated a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opinion, declaring him an heretic, and a blasphemer against God and his own soul. In these instances my success was the more remarkable, as I verily believe Boniface himself intended well, because he died a martyr with great constancy.

I found, however, that while the Gospels were publicly read, the superstructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger: I, therefore, exerted all my influence to discontinue the practice, and at length succeeded, though Aristotle's Ethics were substituted for them in some northern churches; but against Aristotle's Ethics I had not equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my powers were neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour, nor rendered useless by necessary idleness; I had perplexed and confounded the most simple and salutary doc-

trines, with absurd subtilties and extravagant conceits: and I had armed with the weapons of superstition, and disguised with the tinsel of ceremony, that religion which comprehended every precept in love to God, and to man: which gave no direction about divine worship, but that it should be performed in spirit and in truth; or about social virtue, but that love of self should be the measure of bounty to others. But there was still personal sanctity, though the doctrine and the discipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was still animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge: the service and the honour of God were still intended, though the means were mistaken. Many, indeed, gladly substituted gain for godliness; and committed every species of wickedness, because they hoped to appropriate works of supererogation that were performed by others: but there were some who practised all the severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the mortification which they recommended: so that I had still something to do, and was still encouraged to diligence by success.

But all these advantages depended upon ignorance: for the security of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that she was the mother of devotion; a lie so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer suppressed; and I was under the most dreadful apprehensions that all the absurdities, by which I had diminished the influence and the beauty of Christianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that those motives which had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, scourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every passion, would fail to produce a more reasonable service; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in despair; but the knowledge

which I could not repress, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I should have little to fear from a religion founded in infinite perfection, and connected with revelations which an infinite Being had vouchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately opposed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of debate which I knew could never be discussed; the assent of many was suspended, in expectation that impossibilities would be effected; and at last refused in the fretfulness of disappointment. Thus infidelity gradually succeeded to superstition: the hope, and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which has been excited by Christianity, and produced such astonishing effects, were now felt no more; and the most forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected, and virtue rendered more easy and commodious: the bonds of moral obligation included every day less and less; and crimes were committed without compunction, because they were not supposed to incur punishment.

These evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your estimation and mine, I am afraid will continue if they cannot increase: disputation and scepticism flourish without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract: the number of my vassals is indeed greatly increased by the unsolicited wickedness of the present time; but this increase is not equivalent to the pleasure of seduction.

If the importance, therefore, of Christianity to mankind, shall appear from its having busied me to subvert it, and from the misery which I suffer in idleness, now my purpose is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet so obdurate in ill, as to persist in rejecting it merely in spite to me; and destroy *themselves, only* that I may not be amused by w-

tempting their destruction. You see, that I have sufficient benevolence to request, that they would regard their own interest, at least as far as it is consistent with mine; and if they refuse me, I am confident you will think they treat me with more severity than I deserve.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your most obedient
and very humble servant,
SATAN.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 5.

Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Quæsitum meritis..... HOR.

Each inly murm'ring at the unequal meed,
Repines that merit should reward exceed.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language less understood than honour; and but few that might not have been equally mistaken, without producing equal mischief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore, necessarily includes it, as generosity includes justice: and as a reward, it can be deserved only by those actions which no other principle can produce. To say of another that he is a man of honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptation of the word, honour, as a principle, does not include *virtue*; and, therefore, as a reward, is frequently bestowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindness

and vassalage of human reason, that men are discouraged from virtue by the fear of shame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in specious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiously wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady, who had put herself under his protection from insult, at the risk of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery: and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the genius of Instruction: I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will: but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand, "Linger not," said he, "lest the hour of illumination be at an end." We now ascended together, and when we had gained the *summit* he stood still. "Survey the prospect."

he," "and tell me what thou seest," "To the "right," replied I, "is a long valley, and on the "left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a "mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the "summit a brightness which I cannot yet stedfastly "behold." In that valley, said he, the disciples of Virtue press forward; and the votaries of Vice wander on the plain. In the path of Virtue are many asperities: the foot is sometimes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised against a stone; but the sky over it is always serene; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of health, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. The plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the sense with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is transient, and the fragance hurtful: the ground is soft and level; and the paths are so various, that the turf is no where worn away; but above is perpetual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze felt; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours diffuse drowsiness, lassitude and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and on the summit is the temple of Honour.

But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the mountain: her path, indeed, is continued beyond the bowers; and the last stage is the ascent of the precipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproachable repose of the timid and the weary. To those, however, who have surmounted the difficulties of the way, the gates of the temple have not always been opened; nor against those by whom it has never been trodden, have they always been shut: the declivity of the mountain on the other side, is gradual and easy; and by the appointment of fate, the entrance of the temple of Honour has been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought to have acted *under the* influence of Truth: but was soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom: she admitted many

who ascended the mountain without labour from the plain, and rejected some who had toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. These, however, were not clamorous for admittance; but either repined in silence, or, exulting with honest pride in the consciousness of their own dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt and disdain; and smiled upon the world which they had left beneath them, the witness of that labour of which they had been refused the reward.

But the crowd within the temple became discontented and tumultuous: the disciples of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which they had obtained by the utmost efforts of human power, made some attempts to expel those who had strolled negligently up the slope, had been admitted by Opinion to pollute the temple and disgrace the assembly: those whose right was disputed, were, however, all ready to decide the controversy by the sword; and as they dreaded scarce any imputation but cowardice, they treated those with great insolence who declined this decision, and yet would not admit their claim.

This confusion and uproar was beheld by the Goddess with indignation and regret: she flew to the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself at his feet, "Great ruler of the world," said she, "If I have "erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy wis- "dom and thy love, to allure mortals up the steep "of Virtue, and animate them to communicate hap- "piness at the expence of life; let it not be per- "verted to render vice presumptuous, nor possessed "by those who dare to perish in the violation of thy "laws, and the diffusion of calamity." Jupiter graciously touched the Goddess with his sceptre, and replied, "that the appointment of fate he could not "reverse; that admission to her temple must still "depend upon Opinion; but that he would depute "*Reason* to examine her conduct, and, if possible, "*put her* again under the influence of Truth."

Reason, therefore, in obedience to the command of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of Honour, and entered the temple. At the first appearance of Reason contention was suspended, and the whole assembly became silent with expectation: but the moment she revealed her commission, the tumult was renewed with yet greater violence. All were equally confident, that Reason would establish the determination of Opinion in their favour; and he that spoke loudest, hoped to be first heard. Reason knew, that those only had a right to enter the temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue; to determine, therefore, who should be expelled or received, nothing more seemed necessary, than to discover by which avenue they had access: but Reason herself found this discovery, however easy in speculation, very difficult in effect.

The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had not walked the whole length of the valley, they came into it at the foot of the mountain; and that at least the path by which they had ascended it, was the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contradicted by others; and, to prevent the tedious labour of deducing truth from a great variety of circumstances, Opinion was called to decide the question.

But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew one path from the other; and that she neither determined to admit or refuse upon certain principles, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason, however, still continued to examine her; and, that she might judge of the credibility of her evidence by the account she would give of a known character, asked her, which side of the mountain was ascended by the Macedonian who deluged the world with blood: she answered without hesitation. "The side of Virtue; that "she knew she was not mistaken, because she saw "*him* in the path at a great distance, and remarked "*that* no man had ever ascended with such impetu-

" ous speed." As Reason knew this account to be false, she ordered Opinion to be dismissed, and proceeded to a more particular examination of the parties themselves.

Reason found the accounts of many to be in the highest degree extravagant and absurd: some as a proof of their having climbed the path of Virtue, described prospects that appeared from the opposite side of the mountain; and others affirmed, that the path was smooth and level, and that many had walked it without stumbling when they were scarce awake, and others when they were intoxicated with wine.

Upon the foreheads of all these Reason impressed a mark of reprobation: and as she could not expel them without the concurrence of Opinion, she delivered them over to Time, to whom she knew Opinion had always paid great deference, and who had generally been a friend to Truth.

Time was commanded to use his influence to procure their expulsion, and to persuade Opinion to regulate her determinations by the judgment of Truth. Justice also decreed, that if she persisted to execute her office with negligence and caprice, under the influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence with the Absurdities of Custom, she should be given up to Ridicule, a remorseless being who rejoices in the anguish which he inflicts: by him alone Opinion can be punished; at the sound of his scourge she trembles with apprehension; and whenever it has been applied by the direction of Justice, Opinion has always become obedient to Truth.

Time, continued my instructor, still labours to fulfil the command of Reason: but though he has procured many to be expelled who had been admitted, yet he has gained admission for but few who had been rejected; and Opinion still continues negligent and perverse; for as she has often felt the scourge of

Ridicule when it has not been deserved, the dread of it has no otherwise influenced her conduct, than by throwing her into confusion, that the purposes of Reason are sometimes involuntarily defeated.

"How then," said I, "shall Honour distinguish "those whom she wishes to reward?" "They shall "be distinguished," replied the visionary sage, "in "the regions of Immortality; to which they will at "length be conducted by Time, who will not suffer "them to be finally disappointed."

While I was listening to this reply, with my eyes fixed stedfastly upon the temple, it suddenly disappeared: the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I stood began to sink under me; and the start of sudden terror as I descended awaked me.

No. LXII. TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

O fortuna viris invida fortibus
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SENECA.

Capricious Fortune ever joys,
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.

To the Adventurer.

Sir, Fleet, June 6.

TO the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable, without any claim to compassion; I promised to add the histories of those, whose virtue has made *them* unhappy, and whose misfortunes are at least *without* a crime. That this catalogue should be very

numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; "rari quippe boni;" "the good are few." Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity, the philanthropy of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt, and after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importuity of female distress were more than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he hasted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the present pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus, accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy; he, therefore, with little hesitation offered himself as surety.

In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed prospects, and counted over the sums of which he would infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himself to repent of beneficence; therefore suffered himself still to be amused with objects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them *impracticable*. The debtor, after he had tried *every method* of raising money which art or in-

digence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have lost by the flight of his friend; but however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has with some difference of circumstances made equally unhappy. Candidus, when he was young, helpless, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him; his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation, and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression; and to look with a longing eye at every expence to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his first regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their fathers industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the morning in expedients to support *his riots*. He was, however, dextrous and active in business; and his master, being secured against any

consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to enquire how he passed those hours, which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery, "Let his bondsman look to that," said he, "I have "taken care of myself."

Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his master; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such violences in the street as drew upon him a criminal prosecution. Guilty and unexperienced he knew not what course to take; to confess his crime to Candidus, and solicit his interposition, was little less dreadful than to stand before the frown of a court of justice. Having, therefore, passed the day with anguish in his heart and distraction in his looks, he seized at night a very large sum of money in the counting-house, and setting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus; ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, and such as the laws of a just government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man should suffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foresee nor prevent. When we consider the weakness of human resolutions and the inconsistency of human conduct, it must appear absurd that one man shall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, since no wager is binding without a possibility of loss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that no contract should be valid without reciprocal stipulations: *but in this* case, and others of the same kind,

what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the security, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous wickedness to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, secretly longs for the time in which he shall have power to seize the forfeiture: and if virtue or gratitude should prove too strong for temptation, and a young man persist in honesty, however instigated by his passions, what can secure him at last against a false accusation? I for my part always shall suspect, that he who can by such methods secure his property, will go one step farther to increase it; nor can I think that man safely trusted with the means of mischief, who, by his desire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much less he values his neighbour's happiness than his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by his fortune. As some of the first offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and encouraged by caresses and promises to attendance and solicitation; a constant appearance in splendid company necessarily required magnificence of dress; and a frequent participation of fashionable amusements forced him into expence: but these measures were requisite to his success; since every body knows, that to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance, and that he who desires to fill a vacancy, must be always at hand, lest some man of greater vigilance should step in before him.

By this course of life his little fortune was every day made less: but he received so many distinctions in public, and was known to resort so familiarly to the houses of the great, that every man looked on his preferment, as certain, and believed that its value would compensate for its slowness: he, therefore, found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his

rank or his vanity made necessary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another, so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expences, began to perceive that their money was in danger; there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus, instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune: they feasted six hours at his expence, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than five shillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in prison, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within these walls, on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and water with the compassionate and the just: who frequent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen or housebreakers: but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed, who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe: nor can I look with equal hatred upon him, who at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detaining my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their

liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he, by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is outweighed by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed.

I am, Sir,

T Your humble servant,

MISARGYRUS.

No. LXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!

DONATUS apud JEROM.

Perish those! who have said our good things before us.

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in every branch of literature. Few possess ability or courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock; and, therefore the generality, creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their pre-

decessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise, περι των απαξ ειρημενων, "concerning things that had been said but once," which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are perfectly similar. Descriptions, therefore, that are faithful and just, must be uniform and alike: the first copier must be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements of philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and above all by the total change of religion: yet an epic or dramatic writer, though surrounded with such a multitude of novelties, would find it difficult or impossible to be totally original, and essentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The causes that excite and the operations that exemplify the greater passions, will always have an exact *coincidence*, though perhaps a little di-

versified by climate or custom: every exasperated hero must rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make use of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly resemble a Grecian, when almost placed in the same situation; that is, the Iöas of Racine in his incomparable Athalia, will be very like the Ion of Euripides.

Boileau observes, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no person ever conceived before, or could possibly conceive; on the contrary, it is such a thought as must have occurred to every man in the like case, and have been one of the first in any person's mind upon the same occasion: and it is a maxim of Pope, that whatever is very good sense must have been common sense at all times.

But if from the foregoing reflections it may appear difficult, to distinguish imitation and plagiarism from necessary resemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, which, because they have never been taken notice of, may possibly entertain curious and critical readers, seem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul with a fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm.

> Vital spark of heavenly flame!
> Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
> Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
> O! the pain, the bliss of dying!——
> Hark; they whisper——Angels say,
> Sister spirit, come away!

I was surprized to find this animated passage closely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the Second:

> When on my sick bed I languish,
> Full of sorrow, full of anguish,

Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!.....
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away! FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furnished him with the two following thoughts in the Essay on Man:

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape. POPE.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice superbâ
Ventosi gradimur.....

And again,

Simia cœlicolum, risusque jocusque deorûm est
Tune homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, & audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divûm.
PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims, "see all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.
POPE.

Man scruples not to say, that he enjoyeth the heavens and the elements; as if all had been made, and still move only for him. In this sense a gosling may say as much, and perhaps with more truth and justness."
CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only sentiments but even expressions from Wollaston and Pascal cannot be doubted, if we consider two more passages:

When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if you go by?
Or some old temple nodding to its fall,
For Chartre's head reserve the hanging wall? POPE.

" If a good man be passing by an infirm building, just in the
" article of failing; can it be expected that God should sus-
" pend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in order to
" his deliverance?" WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world, POPE.

" What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos!
" what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all
" things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great de-
" positary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of
" uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of the universe!"
PASCAL.

The witty allusion to the punishment of avarice, in the Epistle on Riches,

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;

is plainly taken from, " The causes of the decay of christian piety," where that excellent and neglected writer says, " It has always been held the severest " treatment of slaves and malefactors," *damnare ad* " *metalla*, " to force them to dig in the mines: now " this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is " never to expect a release." Cowley has also used the same allusion. The celebrated reflection with which Chartres's epitaph, in the same epistle, concludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial piety, for which Pope is indebted to Montaigne, who wishes, in one of his essays, to find a son-in-law that may

' kindly cherish his old-age, and rock it asleep." And the character of Helluo the glutton, introduced o exemplify the force and continuance of the rul-ng passion, who in the agonies of death exclaimed,

.....Then bring the Jowl!

s taken from the tale in Fontaine, which ends,

.....Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay, where he bserves that his honour consists not in being en-ombed among kings and heroes,

But that the worthy and the good may say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay,

s adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death of rince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope seems to ave formed himself on the model of Boileau; as night appear from a large deduction of particular assages, almost literally translated from that ner-ous and sensible satirist.

.....H appily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe. POPE.

.....D'une voix legere
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe!
BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus. POPE.

L'ignorance, & l'erreur a ses naissantes pieces,
En habits de marquis, en robbes de comtesses,
Venoient pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau.
BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similarities, I feel great uneasiness, lest I should be accused of vainly and impotently endeavouring to cast clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly original genius, "whose memory," to use an expression of Ben Jonson, "I do honour, on this side idolatry, as much as "any;" and lest the reader should be cloyed and disgusted with a cluster of quotations: it happens, however, fortunately, that each passage I have produced, contains some important moral truth, or conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients than of later writers. To enrich a composition with the sentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed, not only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our writings with their ideas, with as little scruple, as our houses with their statues. And Poussin is not accused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus: though Timanthes had represented Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of his daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to guess at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

Z.

No. LXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;
Tempore crevit amor. OVID:

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love. EUSDEN:

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday se'nnight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in continual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced: and, therefore, took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself: after some years had been spent at Westminster school, he sent him to the university, and *supported him by* a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example: our friendship increased every day: and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town: for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed *his father* without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son: and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting that he incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open: he abhorred whatever had the appearance of disingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore continued to live in great privacy; and being used to have only servants and de-

pendants about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those, who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to complete her's; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew: her obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater: and he perceived from whatever cause a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him, and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret; but while they

were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity; and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune: and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the consent of Agrestis; but those of honour would still have remained: he was not, however, absolutely without hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might

be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives; for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and, therefore, more interesting: he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, faulter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

No. LXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 19.

Et furiis agitatus amor..... VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventosus the eldest son of a noble family; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventosus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, *and* was remarkable for personal accomplishments, *was* yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he

was surprized, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased: for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventosus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged: and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears: her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken: and, therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent

farther trouble he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio though before was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under his father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it.

As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agresto, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agresto [illegible] ways took to have some engagement at [illegible] Agresto however, as he had no con[illegible] upon which Eugenio acted, [illegible] had communicated the reas[illegible] poe to father, and that his father [illegible] offen[illegible] ter as he expressed no reser[illegible] His ambition had for once res[illegible] his pride, that he dissemble[illegible] nature, and had still hopes of [illegible] which he had converted with hi[illegible]

A [illegible] still always [illegible] sides with [illegible] imputed a [illegible] to his friend, wh[illegible] the object of his contempt and aver[illegible] fere, treated him with coldness [illegible] posing that he well knew the [illegible] to return his visits with[illegible] assign any reason. [illegible] marked by Orgilio w[illegible] of a character which [illegible] retorted the negle[illegible] all intercourse be[illegible]

[illegible]nio in the mean tim[illegible] and Amelia in her a[illegible]

farther uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under his father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it.

As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place: Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an *end.*

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose: and Amelia, in her next interview with Eugenio

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Ventosus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia: he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventosus, as he was walking in the Mall, with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventosus, whose con-

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tempt and indignation had now another object upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it happened. Ventosus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, "That he was not willing "to suppose that an affront was intended, and that "if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she "ought always to be mentioned with respect." Ventosus replied, "That whether the lady he meant was "a woman of honour, he would not determine; but "he believed she had been very kind; and was pleas-"ed to see that her favours were not forgotten, "though they were no longer accepted." Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

"SIR,

"YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me "that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this

" morning that you are a fool. If I should accept
" your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe
" a duty to God and to my country, which I deemed
" it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a
" life, which I think cannot without folly be staked
" against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you
" cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you
" sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own
" safety; but remember, that to prevent assassi-
" nation I have a sword, and to chastise insolence a
" cane."

With this letter, the captain returned to Ventosus, who read it with all the extravagances of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventosus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventosus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused, was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo, laudari qui sine morte potest. MART.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood distains;
But him who wins with nobler strife
An unpolluted wreath from life.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family-seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived: the servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father

was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair: and putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed, I sate up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of paternal tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he *might not hope* to be forgiven. I went; but when

Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all *pecuniary* assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring to money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly composed; "My dear friend," said he, "it has been always my point of honour to "obey the commands of GOD, the prime author of "my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at "whatever risque; and I do not repent that I have "steadily adhered to this principle at the expence of "all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the "loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have "preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall "not lose my reward. To these I would, indeed, "add the esteem, though not the love of Amelia. "She will hear of me as degraded and disinherited, "a coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her es-"teem, I think, I have sufficient reason to give up: "grief will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, "therefore, best that she should despise me. Some "of those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her: "and I ought not to withhold a felicity which I can-"not enjoy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your "friendly embrace is all the good that I expect to "receive from this country, when I depart in search "of others which are unknown."

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hasted into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again

feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge; but none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

BENEVOLUS.

No. LXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

Inventas——vitam excoluere per artes. VIRG.

They polish life by useful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with their novelty; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have past much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those, who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London, are distributed, may *furnish employment* to minds of every cast and capaci-

ties of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, "how many things are here," says he, "that I do "not want!" The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates: he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and, which, therefore he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possibly to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he *that is* resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. *There is*, indeed, no employment, however despica-

ble, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burthensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose *perspicacity* can pierce to the real state of things through

the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which he may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what aukward expedient it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created: every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinement of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied. It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them, by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance: and that the dexterity, which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life: sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, *heads his arrows*, builds his cottage, and hollows his

canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storm, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger: and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him; but hunger, wounds and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance constitutes the happiness of human life: man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude but can enjoy it only in society; the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and cloathing for himself, will barely *supply him* with expedients to keep off death from day *to day;* but as one of a larger community perform-

ing only his share to the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

No. LXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain must pay.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which, it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other; for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence, in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed *at the expence of* those who lose. But as in busi-

ness, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least, each party should be apprized of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights-errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised, without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee: we should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others though with a reed, lest like the rod of Moses it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year MDCCXL, four *young gentlemen* of considerable rank rode into an *inn, near* one of the principal avenues to this city,

at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solictous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprize. They perceived with great satisfaction that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity, and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretended to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to humbug, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was unattended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and thought he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover his secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with

proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become entitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite satisfaction beheld five passengers among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn-yard; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore,

instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn in-to an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot, of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty; they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them, with the dreadful injunction, "Deliver your "money."

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident, among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so *much* convinced of his danger, so touched *at her distress*, and so incensed against the ruffian

who produced it, that without uttering a word he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprized that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wisdom. "A man," said he, "who found himself bewildered "in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the sun was "going down, would think himself happy, if a clue "should be put into his hand by which he might be "led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for "a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; "and, if he did, would be in perpetual danger of "stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bring-"ing a common calamity upon both. In the maze "of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and "danger surround us: but every one may at least

" secure conscience against the power of accident, " by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we " are enjoined to abstain even from the appearance " of evil."

No. LXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 3.

Ferè libenter homines id quod volunt credunt. CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

TULLY has long ago observed, that no man however weakened by long life, is so conscious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his station in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furnishes new confirmation: there is no time of life, in which men for the most part seem less to expect the stroke of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes, evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves: every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy: every man amuses

himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires he very readily believes that he shall some time attain: he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects, which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time; every man thinks the day coming, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory: the day is alway coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, *enlarged his* knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to *the degree* that was once expected? I am afraid,

every man that recollects his hopes must confess his disappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those, who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their ill success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life? they can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance. With regard to that which is styled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reasons for confidence or distrust, according to their different tempers or inclinations: and he that has been long accustomed to please himself with possibilities of fortuitous happiness, will not easily or willingly be reclaimed from his mistake. But the effects of human industry and skill are more easily subjected to calculation: whatever can be compleated in a year, is divisible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compass of a day; he, therefore, that has passed the day without attention to the task assigned him, may be certain that the lapse of life has brought him no nearer to his object; for whatever idleness may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been used. He that floats lazily down the stream, in pursuit of something borne along by the same current, will *find himself indeed* move forward; but unless he lays *his hand to the oar*, and increases his speed by his

own labour, must be always at the same distance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age some contingencies of unexpected and undeserved success, by which those who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themselves with future advantages; they support confidence by considerations, of which the only proper use is to chase away despair: it is equally absurd to sit down in idleness because some have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice because some have fallen and escaped with life, or to put to sea in a storm because some have been driven from a wreck upon the coast to which they were bound.

We are all ready to confess, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability; let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompence this small assistance with an ample fortune: he, therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongst

his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must shew the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions: and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs, that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be sup-

ported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity, which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater: these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart: to soothe the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequences; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not *from* whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits *in expectation of* some revolution in the state that *shall raise* him to greatness, or some golden shower

that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is rouzed from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

T

No. LXX. SATURDAY, JULY 7.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue disdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's sense of right.

Mr. Adventurer,

I AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain-dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever

since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I catched her last Saturday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and putting on my spectacles began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds my-life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her: but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin, and told me with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. "Emmy," says I, "the "Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; "and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I "did not resolve to part you because he was without "a title or an estate, but because I could not be "*reconciled to* his profession. I was determined "*you should* never marry a cockade, and carry a

" knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, " I would have preferred an honest citizen, who " encourages trade and navigation, before him. Be- " sides, I was angry that you should hold a private " correspondence, and think to carry your point " without me: but you were greatly misrepresented; " so was the Captain: he has gallantly removed all " my objections at once, he is not now in the army, " nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; " he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as " my son. He is still within reach, and you shall " this moment write to him with your own hand, " and tell him, that I say he shall be your husband. " I have money enough for ye both; and if I please, " I can make him a lord." The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet:

To Eugenio.

" SIR,

" MY dear papa commands to intreat, that you " would immediately come on shore, and from this " hour consider his house as your own. He is great- " ly affected with the story of your generosity and " distress, which he has just learnt by an accident " which I cannot now communicate; and he is de- " termined to make you his heir, without preju- " dice to,

" Sir, your humble servant,

" AMELIA."

When I had perused this epistle, " Pshaw!" says I, " *put affectionate* at the end of it, or else he won't " *come now.*" This made her smile, I was glad to

see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house; neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Your's heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of Divine Prescription; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least, it would appear, that if some immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practise is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other: and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of War:

"Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another for "refusing a challenge: since, according to these our "orders, they do but the duty of soldiers, who ought "to subject themselves to discipline: and we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace or "opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto: and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend "in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the

arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

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